

September 1776

A

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE

N

*An AMERICAN PARODY on the Song of
'Rule Britannia,'*

WHEN Britons first, by Heaven's
Command,

Arose from out the azure main,
This was the Charter of the land,
And Guardian Angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

To spread bright Freedom's gentle sway,
Your isle too narrow for its bound,
We trac'd wide Ocean's trackless way,
'And here a safe asylum found.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But rule us justly—not like slaves.

While we were simple, you grew great;
Now, swell'd with luxury and pride,
You pierce our peaceful free retreat,
And haste t' enslave with giant stride.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But rule us justly—not like slaves.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er could tame;
All their attempts to pull thee down
Did but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons then would ne'er be slaves.

Let us, your sons, by Freedom warm'd,
Your own example keep in view;
'Gainst tyranny be ever arm'd,
'Tho' we our Tyrant find in you.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

With justice and with wisdom reign,
We then with thee will firmly join
To make thee Mistress of the main,
And every shore which circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But ne'er degrade your sons to slaves.

When life glides slowly thro' thy veins,
We'll then our filial fondness prove,
Bound only by the welcome chains
Of duty, gratitude, and love.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

Our youth shall prop thy tott'ring age,
Our vigour nerve thy feeble arm:
In vain thy foes shall spend their rage,
We'll shield thee safe from ev'ry harm.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
But never make your children slaves.

For thee we'll toil with chearful heart,
We'll labour—but we WILL be free;
Our growth and strength to thee impart,
And all our treasures bring to thee.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
We're subjects, but we're not your slaves.

P. S.

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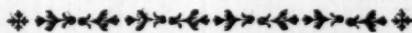
K
THE
AMERICAN SONGSTER:
BEING A
SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
American, English, Scotch and Irish

S O N G S.

*" Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
" To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak."*

VIR.



NEW-YORK:

Printed for SAMUEL CAMPBELL, No. 44,
Hanover-Square, and THOMAS ALLEN,
No. 16, Queen-Street.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Henry Stevens. Esq.
with the best wishes
of J. W. Parrott,

London
July/52



TO THE
LOVERS *of* MUSIC,

In the UNITED STATES *of* AMERICA.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

IT has been a subject of considerable regret, that a Collection of the best Modern Songs, not only the production of America, but likewise those of Britain has never before appeared on this continent.

To remedy which, the Editors have been at considerable labour in collecting from the most Esteem'd Song Books, publish'd in Europe, a compilation, suitable in some degree to this country.

To this collection the Fair Americans may safely have recourse, without the start of a blush upon their cheeks, or offending the most rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleas'd by the particular attention shewn to the Ladies, than by the compliment we pay to their good sense, in avoiding all manner of indecent songs and *double entendres*.

Here

Here will be found a number of original Songs, the production of the American Muse : We are only sorry it has not been in our power to collect a greater number of these at the present time — But, providing the present volume meets with encouragement from the Public, the Editors have it in Contemplation to Publish a Second, when, they flatter themselves, they will be able to exhibit the most of the Principal Songs wrote in the United States. — However, if in this Collection we have put a chearful and entertaining Companion into the hands of the Ladies and Gentlemen of America, we trust, on their part, they will encourage the rising arts of their native country, which will particularly oblige their very humble servants,

The PUBLISHERS.

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N. B. *Those marked thus * have never before appeared in print.*

T H E
AMERICAN SONGSTER.

On the BIRTH of his EXCELL.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq;
By a Citizen of Virginia.

[Tune—"God save the King."]

I. **H**AIL godlike *Washington!*
Fair Freedom's chosen son,
Born to command:
While this great globe shall roll,
Thy deeds from pole to pole,
Shall shake Columbia's soul

With virtuous praise.

C H O R U S.

Millions unborn to save,
Freedom to worlds he gave,
Liberty's Chief!
Terrific God of War,
Seated in Vict'ry's car,
Fame hails him from afar,
Virginia's boast.

II. Flowrets of bliss adorn
The bright auspicious morn,
Breathing delight.
Let the loud cannon roar,
Joyful, from shore to shore;
Phœbus did ne'er explore,

So happy a day:

Chor. Millions, &c.

A

- III. When Freedom's atmosphere,
 Clouded with gloomy care
 Washington view'd :
 He with heroic pride,
 Stemm'd dire Oppression's tide,
 And made the world deride
 Britain's disgrace.
 Chor. Millions, &c.
- IV. When Howe with venal bands,
 Delug'd our pensive lands,
 Britain's weak rod !
 Fabius by wise delays,
 Liberty's cause to raise,
 To his immortal praise,
 Trenton subdu'd.
 Chor. Millions, &c.
- V. Fayette, the just and good,
 Spilt Gallia's noble blood *
 For the distress'd :
 May this auspicious day,
 Gratitude's tribute pay,
 And breathe a joyous lay,
 Sacred to him.
 Chor. Millions, &c.
- VI. Let us in rapture sing,
 Of Louis the patriot King,
 Virtue's support :
 Who with unshaken zeal,
 Aided our common weal,
 And fixed friendship's seal
 To the New World.
 Chor. Millions, &c.
- VII. See gallant Rochambeau !
 Tyranny's deadly foe,
 Liberty's shield :

* Alluding to his receiving a wound at Brandy-
 wine.

Victory draws her sword
 To capture the warlike Lord *
 Whom Parliament ador'd,
 Britannia's pride.

Chor. Millions, &c.

VIII. Now Albion's sons are fled,
 Liberty rears her head,
 Smiling in scorn.
 May her great Hero's name,
 Fill the loud trump of Fame,
 And ages unborn proclaim,
 Great Washington.

Chor. Millions, &c.

IX. Next in our theme shall be,
 Prince of Philosophy,
 Franklin the Sage :
 Who gave to light'ning laws,
 Taught from effects the cause,
 What fire ethereal was :

Of wisdom the Chief.

Chor. Millions, &c.

X. The Goddess of Peace to come,
 Lighting with downy plume
 On Freedom's shrine :
 She from fell Tyranny,
 Wrested fair Liberty,
 And bid a world be free,
 Through Washington.

Chor. Millions, &c.

XI. Commerce unfurls her sails,
 Wafted by gentle gales,
 Over the deep :
 And in her smiling train,
 Brings in her pleasing gain,
 And from the wealthy main

Hails Freedom's gifts.

Chor. Millions, &c.

* Lord Cornwallis taken at York-Town.

- XII. Ambition's storm that blows,
 Ruffles not his repose,
 Blest in retreat :
 Wisdom persuasive flows,
 Virtue refulgent glows,
 In speech and act he shews
 Friendship and truth :
 Chor. Millions, &c.
- XIII. Guardian of civil laws.
 Saviour of Freedom's cause,
 Washington stands :
 May his light spirit fly,
 And claim its native sky,
 Free from each earthly sigh,
 To HEAVEN ascend.
 Chor. Millions, &c.
-

The power of Music ; by Mr. SMITH.

MMUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm !
 That can the fiercest rage disarm,
 Calm passions in a human breast,
 And lull ev'n jealousy to rest ;
 With amorous thoughts the soul inspire,
 Or kindle up a warlike fire.
So great is music's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
 Could rocks remove, and stones inspire ;
 Command a city to arise,
 And lofty buildings touch the skies ;
 While stones, obedient to his call,
 Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a wall.

Arion, from his vessel cast,
 In safety o'er the seas he past :

For, mounted like the ocean's god,
 Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
 Whilst shoals of fishes flock'd around,
 Well pleas'd drank in the charming sound.

Sad Orpheus, through hell's dreary coast,
 Was seeking for his comfort lost,
 His music drew the ghosts along,
 And furies listen'd to his song ;
 His song could Charon's rage disarm,
 And Pluto and his comfort charm.

Inflam'd by music soldiers fight,
 Inspir'd by music poets write ;
 Music can heal the lover's wounds,
 And calm fierce rage by gentle sounds ;
 Philosophy attempts in vain,
 What music can with ease attain.
So great is music's pow'r.

The Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay :
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will slip the verdant shade :
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;

And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer-suits,
To mirth all nature now invites;
Let us be blythesome then and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay,

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herbs and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

The BATTLE of the KEGS.

By the Hon. F. H. Esq.

[Tune,—*Maggy Lawder.*]

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

SONGSTER.

7

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A foldier stood, on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze, he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spy'd a score—of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said—some mischief's brewing.

These KEGS now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring :
And they're come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scar'd almost to death, sir.
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted ;
And some ran here, and some ran there
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some deny'd
But said the earth had quaked :
And girls and boys, with hedious noise,
Ran through the town half naked.

† Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,

† Sir Wm. Howe,

Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——g

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter :
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
• For God's sake what's the matter ?

At his bed side, he then espy'd
Sir Erskine* at command, fir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, fir

Arise ! Arise ! Sir Erskine cries :
The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all on float,
And rang'd before the city.

The motly crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, fir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden KEGS,
Come driving down the tide, fir.

Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
These KEGS must all be routed :
Or surely we despis'd shall be ;
And British courage doubted.

The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, fir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, fir.

The cannons roar, from shore to shore :
The small arms make a rattle :
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

* Sir W. Erskine

The rebel * vales, the rebel dales,
 With rebel trees surrounded,
 The distant woods, the hills, and floods,
 With rebel echos founded.

The fish below swam to and fro
 Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:
 Why sure, thought they, the dev'l's to pay,
 'Mongst folks above the water.

The KEGS, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
 Of rebel staves and hoops, fir,
 Could not oppose their pow'ful foes,
 The conqu'ring British troops, fir,

From morn to night, these men of might
 Display'd amazing courage;
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more, upon my word, fir,
 It is most true, would be too low
 Their valour to record, fir.

Such feats did they perform that day
 Upon these wicked KEGS, fir,
 That years to come, if they get-home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, fir.

Ew-Bughts, Marion.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me,
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

* The British officers were so fond of the word
 rebel, that they often applied it most absurdly,

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her e'e ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufe-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion
 At 'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Ernsfaw, Marion.
 Wha gape and glowr with their e'e,
 At kirk when they see my Marion ;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey ;
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal-day :
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waitcoat of the London brown,
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
 When'er ye gang to the town,

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dance like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean :
 Sae put on your pearlius, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

Ettrick Banks.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 ' Come wading barefoot a' her lane :

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

said, My lassie, will you go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
 baith gi' thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy-law;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny las,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin;
 Soon when the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And growans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my las among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din.
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

The Banks of the Banna.

Shepherds I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Pride of every shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade and fountain,
 Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown!
 Shepherds tell me whither!
 Ah! woe me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

The Dusky Night.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn,
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay,
 My dear it rains, it hails, it blows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.
 Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
 And sweeps across the vale,
 But when the hounds too near he spies
 He drops his bushy tail.
 Then a hunting, &c.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
 And join the jovial cry,
 The woods and hills the sound retort,
 And music fills the sky,
 When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;
 Then hungry homeward we return
 To feast away the night.
 And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
 Prepare then for the chace,
 Rise at the sounding of the horn,
 And health with sport embrace,
 When a hunting, &c.

Peggy.*

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy:
 Yet guittar bards the lyre shall hit,
 Or say what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy:
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 She's not so beauteous as undrest
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 He does not half the sweets disclose
 As does my lovely Peggy.

* This song was written in compliment to Miss Westington.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And trust me, nought but truth I say,
 The fragrance of the blooming May
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy.
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All's happy when she's in my sight;
 But when she's gone its endless night—
 All's dark without my Peggy!

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swans the rivers love,
 So long shall I love Peggy:
 And when death with his pointed dart
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
 My words shall be, when I depart,
 "Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

The Miller's Wedding.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport
 and to play;
 Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay;
 No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
 For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

C H O R U S.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows,
 And while the mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we!

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
 bride,
 Be marry'd to day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
 My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
 And my love, like my courage, will never give
 ground.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
 And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
 Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
 We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your
 beaus,
 Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
 cloaths,
 In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
 Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
 While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies
 still,
 Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
 And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

S O N G.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has
 caught.
 The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
 eye,

Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh ;
 But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.
 Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar,
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !
 The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
 mand ;
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.
 Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind ;
 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

Song in Harlequin's Invasion.

TO arms ! ye brave mortals, to arms !
 The road to renown lies before you !
 The name of King Shakespear has charms
 To rouse you to actions of glory.

Away ! ye brave mortals, away !
 'Tis nature calls on you to save her ;
 What man but would Nature obey,
 And fight for her Shakespear for ever !

Love is the cause of Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs I oft-times heard
 her say,

Tell *Strephon*, I die, if he passes this way,
That Love was the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and
 charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never
 warms;
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms?
Oh! Strephon the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades
 below,
 Ere ye let *Strephon* know that I have lov'd him so;
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That Love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon*
 came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew
 nigh,
 But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns, did he cry,
Ah! Chloris, the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs use your art:
 They sighing reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess'
 heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
 Wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade:
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head.
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

Totterdown-hill.

AT *Totterdown-hill* there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still,
 Much riches indeed did'nt fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill.
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts ;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe :
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her
 gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe :
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd,
 A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the
 door,
 Its Mam it had lost, and it cry'd,

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
 She chaf'd him all o'er, and smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him, and lull'd him to rest :
 But who do you think she had got for her prize ?
 Why Love, the fly master of arts ;
 No sooner he wak'd, but he drop'd his disguise,
 And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love ; but, oh, be not afraid
 Tho' all I make shake at my will :
 So good and kind have you been, my fair maid,
 No harm shall you feel from my skill ;
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
 A friend you shall find in me still ;
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
 The *Venus of Totterdownhill*.

Black-eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
Or where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands,

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell the sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, free from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
 spring, sing;
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
 thus sung she,
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
 from me, [they've ruin'd me;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves
 me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me
 to the sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
love to fly ;

To guard him from all dangers how happy should
I be ! me

For I love my love, because I know my love loves

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll, make it wondrous
fine,

With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;

And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea,

For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,

Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !

To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should
be ; me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves

Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !

I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy ;

But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall
see,

Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

S O N G.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
Send me to the swain I love ;

Cupid, with thy bow direct me,

Help me, all ye powers above.

Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,

Tell him, I love and I despair ;

Tell him; for him I grieve,

Say 'tis for him I live;

O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shadow groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander blest'd my sight.
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeats the vows he swore :
 Can he forget me,
 Will he neglect me,
 Shall I never see him more !

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue :
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu:

Sung in the Desert.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass,
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said, What seek you, pretty lass ?
 A little love, but urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak
 That I my spindle lost just now.
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough :
 A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld ;

He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
 A little love, &c.

A favourite Scots Song.

WHEN lav'rocks sweet, and yellow broom
 Perfume the banks of Tweed,
 Blithe Nancy boasts a sweeter bloom,
 Her charms all charms exceed.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Cry'd love sick Jockey, wi' a sigh;
 And wha sae fast, sae young, and gay,
 Could sic a handsome lad deny?

In Sandy's cheek the white and red,
 Like rose and lily join'd;
 For him each lassie hung her head,
 For her each ladie pin'd.
 Gang o'er the merry fields of hay.
 Wi' me, my dearest lass, he'd cry;
 And wha sae fast, sae young, and gay,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

He gang'd o'er fields and broomy land,
 Till mither 'gan to chide;
 Then Sandy pres'd her lily hand,
 And ask'd her for his bride:
 Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
 Said she, my dearest lad, we'll hie;
 For wha sae fast, sae young, and gay.
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

Anna's Urn.

ENcompas'd in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay;

Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,
 And call'd its own away,
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Can never more return :
 What then shall fill these widow'd arms,
 Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which, blest with her, I knew ?
 Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound by love too true.
 That rural train which once were us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain;
 She clasp'd me to her breast,
 To part with thee is all my pain,
 She cry'd, then sunk to rest.
 While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breath its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concenters in her urn.

Tweed Side.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !

But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead.
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

D

The Happy Pair.

HOW blest has my time been? what joys have
 I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my
 own?

So joyful my heart is, so easy a chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving my pain.
 That Freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often
 we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play :
 How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see.
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with complacence and
 smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her wit and good-humour blooms all the year
 through :
 Time still as he flies adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat, with false vows, the too-credulous
 fair ;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

S O N G.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind ;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days :
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast !

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests in despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear !
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hedious rocks remain ;
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied :

Then, like a lily, drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and died.

Humphry Gubbin's Courtship.

A Courting I went to my love,
 Who is sweeter than roses in May ;
 And when I came to her by Jove,
 The devil a word could I say,
 I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her !
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said any thing to her.
 I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather ;
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
 To an arbor I did her attend,
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her ;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.
 I ask'd her which way was the wind,
 For I thought in some talk we must enter ;
 Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd)
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture ?
 Then I follow'd her into the house,
 There I vow'd I my passion would try ;
 But there I was still as a mouse :—
 Oh ! what a dull booby was I !

The Sailor's Farewell.

THE topfail shivers in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd by thee :

For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're fail'd;
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'rs of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

Sweet Willy O.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He sung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,
All nature, &c.

Wherever he came,
Whatever had name,
Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a foldier the sweet Willy O,
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in sweet Willy O.

The Linnets.

AS bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sang across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love
When Chloris's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound that love had made
 Came pity to my breast :
 And thus I, as compassion bade,
 These feather'd pair address'd :
 " Ye little warblers chearful be,
 Remember not ye flew ;
 For I, who thought myself so free,
 Am far more caught than you."

S O N G.

COME, now, all ye social pow'rs,
 Shed your influence o'er us ;
 Crown with joy our present hours,
 Enliven thole before us :

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Sport, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of gen'rous passion ;
 Nor will we ever bow before
 Those idols, Wealth or Fashion.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague shou'd we be fad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder ;
 Rich, or poor, or grave, or mad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship ! O thy smile's divine,
 Bright in ev'ry feature ;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow,
 Let's be blithe and gay to-day,
 And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Sport, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull Care behind us.

The Miller.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
 less ?

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What though he all dusty and whit'n'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau :
 A clown in his dress may be honest far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be
 seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks :
 In this of right noble examples he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate ;
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's
dry,
And down when he's weary, contented does lie,
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing.
If so happy a miller, who would be a king?

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see,
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheeks to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be more fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet;
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
 And that they aften would return,
 Sic pleasure to renew,
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

Tune,—I'll never leave thee.

ONE day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay, why wilt thou grieve me?
 Alas! my fond heart will break, if thou should leave me:

Say, lovely Adonis, say, has Mary deceiv'd thee?
 Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that's griev'd thee? [me.

My constant love ne'er shall stray, thou may believe
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve thee?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe? this breast shall receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee;
 Delight shall drive pain away, pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave thee?

O! that thought makes me sad, I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly? why does she grieve me?

Alas! my poor heart will break, if I should leave thee.

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
and hall,

No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate :
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself
happy [nappy :
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too
most sweet ! [meet :
Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends to
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart ;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part :
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a celler this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :
Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk ;
Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would
flee,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;

He pierc'd through his body instead of his sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end;
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The funny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher,

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I came home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Merry may the Maid be.

MERRY may the maid be,
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 Has ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper ;
 And, gin she please, a good fat cheele,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I spier'd what was his calling ;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 You're welcome to my dwelling ;
 Though I was shy, yet I could spy,
 The truth of what he told me.
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty

Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty,
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre;
 Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller;
 For foul day, and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty:
 And now and then a keckling hen,
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

S O N G.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream?
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul;
 And lonely Nancy stands confess
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
 Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design;
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair;
 Nor ever covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress,
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

The Flowers of the Forrest.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've felt its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled—fled far away!

I've seen the forrest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay,
 Sae bonny their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming;
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempelts storming before the mid-day;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny
 beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O! fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting?
 O! why still perplex us poor sons of a day?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me—nae mair your
 frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forrest are wither'd away.

Jamie Gay.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed,
 A bonny lass, as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead;
 The hearty swain, untaught to fain,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thine fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Can't tell me, laddie, where?
 To town I hye, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went;
 The birds sang sweet. the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lads, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

Easy John.

I AM a blade both free and easy,
 Not a vulgar country clown;
 I will do my best to please ye,
 And my name is easy John.
 Let the world go as it will
 I am free and easy still.
 Free and easy,
 Free and easy,
 I am free and easy still.

Ladies view my person over,
 If my lesson right I con;
 Search Newcastle, London, Dover,
 You'll not find an easier John.

Now a lady I could fancy,
 Aye, but could she fancy me;
 I would marry lovely Nancy,
 She's so easy and so free.

Gentlemen a brother greets ye,
 Happy may you ever be;
 And whene'er a brother meets you,
 May you easy be and free.

Worthy friends, this blest occasion
 Fills my panting heart with glee ;
 To possess your approbation,
 Makes me happy, easy, free.
 Let the world, &c.

The Wauking of the Faulds.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper lave,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gies me sic delight,
 As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae sattly,
 When on my p. I play,

By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wauking of the fauld.

Highland L. ddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O ! they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that graceful mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !
 O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome charming highland laddie ;
 May heav'n still guard, and love reward
 Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trows,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows-town,
 In a' his airs, which art made ready,
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown ?
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady :

But I can kiss and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie:
 O my bonny. &c.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn, was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;
 I met him wi' good will.
 O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom o' Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
 W' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day,
 O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate ! that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
 He saw my heart ; could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie and my little kit,
 That held my wee sroup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now lye uselefs by.
 O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there :
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care,
 O the broom, &c.

On young Olinda.

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet,
 Is every feature of the face !

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flower angelic odours breeds;
 The fragrant charms of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

Oh, sacred Virtue! tune my voice,
 With thy inspiring harmony;
 Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away;
 Th' eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

The passionate Shepherd to his Lover.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
 And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I :
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline :
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore ;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

S O N G.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;
 And, as your dazzled eye balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid stream and shady tree
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove :
 With pride her foot-steps I pursue,
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

Retirement.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
 Their equipage and state :
 Give me but innocence and health,
 I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
 A joy unknown to kings,
 For sceptres to a virtuous mind,
 Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
 With brighter lustre shone,
 Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
 Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
 Ambition ever knows,
 A stranger to the calm delights
 Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
 Keep me, ye powers divine !
 And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
 May I that life resign !

S O N G . *

To the Tune of Infancy.

IN infancy our days were blest,
 With peace and liberty ;
 Our gardens and our fields were drest
 In sweet simplicity !
 No hostile foe had we to dread,
 No enemy to fear ;
 But now, alas ! those joys are fled,
 And danger doth appear.

Our seas with Britain's navy swarm,
 Our trade and commerce droop ;
 Our cities rob'd and left forlorn,
 Shall we to slavery stoop,
 Ah ! no, Ah ! no, you shall be free,
 Liberty's goddess said ;
 Britannia's flag shall strike to thee,
 And droop its haughty head.

*The BANKS of KENTUCKE.**Tune,—Banks of the Dee.*

THE spring was advancing, and birds were
 beginning
 To sing on the boughs o'er each purling brook ;
 On the early green herbage at leisure reclining,
 I was carelessly viewing the banks of Kentucke.
 Hail stranger to song ! hail deep-channel'd river,
 Thy prominent cliffs shall be famous forever ;
 Thy high-swelling floods henceforward shall never,
 Obscurely roll down thro' the banks of Kentucke.

* Supposed to be wrote by Francis Hopkinson,
 Esq; of Philadelphia.

Disgusted with idle, romantic pretensions,
The populous city I lonely forsook;
Delighting in nature with fond apprehensions,
I eagerly came to the banks of Kentucke.
O, never did art so much beauty discover,
To reward the long search of its most raptur'd
lover,
As nature's luxuriant fancy spreads over
The gay fertile soil on the banks of Kentucke.

Here genius shall rove with an endless desire,
Improvements to make without learning or book:
While virtue and truth shall forever conspire,
To bless those that dwell on the banks of Kentucke.

Here, far from tyrannical power remov'd,
The spirit of freedom shall hap'ly be prov'd;
The patriot shall by his country be lov'd,
And live without guile on the banks of Kentucke.

Here bigotry never shall raise its foul banner,
The basis of joy thro' all ages it shook;
The young and the aged in more happy manner
Than those shall improve on the banks of Kentucke.

In honest industry their time still employing,
With heart-cheering mirth all their meetings
enjoying,
With the blessings of friendship, and love never
cloying,
All ranks shall unite on the banks of Kentucke.

Rich plenty and health, with visage all glowing,
Invite and allure us with promising look;
Never more to regret other rivers long flowing,
Not such as glide down thro' the banks of Kentucke.

Pale sickness doth pass thro' the land as a stranger,
 No dreadful distemper here frightens the ranger,
 As he passes thro' canebrakes and waters, no danger
 Expecting to meet on the banks of Kentucke.

S O N G.

I ENVY not the mighty great,
 Those powerful rulers of the state,
 Who settle nations as they please,
 And govern at the expence of ease.

Far happier the shepherd's swain,
 Who daily drudges on the plain,
 And nightly in some humble shed
 On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
 No factious wars divide his breast;
 His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
 Are all his hope, and all his care.

S O N G.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me,
 The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;

Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
For every fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

Jockey to the Fair.

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare :
Young Jockey early in the dawn,
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear :
He tapt the window—Haste my dear,
Jenny impatient, cry'd, who's there ?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near ;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep ;

And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear?
 And will you ever constant prove?
 I will by all the powers of love,
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
 Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride?
 Let cupid be our happy guide,
 And hymen meet us there.
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He wou'd be constant, would be true:
 His word was pledg'd—away she flew
 With cowslips, tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
 Their gay companions blithe and young:
 Each join the dance, each join the song,
 And hail the happy pair:
 In turns there's none so fond as they,
 They bless'd the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny run away
 With Jockey to the fair.

The Nun.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
 But mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.

But mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity, a girl such as I,
 Shou'd be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;

With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare ;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone ;
Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh, I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
To live or to die, in this case were all one ;
Nay, I sooner would die, than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, she threatens me so,
I'm sure we're she me. she wou'd stoutly say no ;
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be married in spite, that I may'nt be a nun.

The Tempest of War.

LET the tempest of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour and skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess ;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest.

In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease ;

In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please.

Vauxhall Watch.

MY name's Ted Blarney I'll be bound,
And man and boy upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

And as the time's a little short
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies—what a sight,
Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying, Vauxhall watch.

The chearful Wife.

ONCE was a maiden as fresh as a rose,
And as fickle as April weather,
I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repose,
With a heart as light as a feather.

With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls, and play'd with the men,
I always was romping or spinning;
And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then,
I hope 'twas not very great finning,

I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband, as young as myself,
 And for every frolic as willing,
 Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
 And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.

And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars—heav'n send him a prize,
 For his pains he is welcome to spend it:
 My example I know is more merry than wise,
 Lord help me—I never shall mend it.

Lord help, &c.

The Vicar of Bray.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-church man I was,
 And so I got preferment;
 To teach my flock I never mis'd,
 Kings are by God appointed,
 And damn'd are those that do resist,
 Or touch the Lord's annointed.
 And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
 And popery came in fashion,
 To penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the declaration:
 The church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution;
 And had become a Jesuit,
 But for the revolution.
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance ;
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And swore to him allegiance ;
 Old principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 And jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
 The church of England's glory,
 Another face of things was seen,
 And I became a tory ;
 Occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation ;
 And thought the church in danger was
 By such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
 And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
 And so became a whig, Sir ;
 And thus preferment I procur'd
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession ;
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful King shall be—
 Until the times do alter.

And this is law I will maintain
 Until my dying day, Sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, Sir.

The Storm.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
 Lift, ye landsmen, all to me !
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling.
 By topsail sheets, and haultards stand !
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling
 Down your stay tails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The topsail sheets now let go !
 Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms ;
 Round us roars the tempest louder ;
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls !

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear.
 Hands up, each preventure brace set,
 Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky,
 Different deaths at once surround us.
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well—the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us;
 Both chain pumps are choak'd below.)
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 See! our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;

Up, and rig a jury foremast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heav'n has fav'd our lives;
 Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives,
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to our lips a brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
 None—the dangers drown'd in wine.

S O N G.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dress it quickly, I desire.
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 O! the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed;
 Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:
 Pickles get, and salad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green:
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 O ye gods! how I shall dine!

All of Life is Love.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove,
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh,
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
 What gold could never buy.
 No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove
 That from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.

When War's Alarms.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
 'Woke ere yet the morn was nigh:
 No other could delight him;
 Ah! why did I e'er flight him,
 Coldly answ'ring his fond tale,
 Which drove him far amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
 For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love:
 The hostile country over
 I'll fly to seek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

Charms of Liberty.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combin'd,
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
 Why was I born, ye gods, to see
 What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with ev'ry nymph but she
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere to late,
 That death must be my hapless fate,
 If love and you do not agree,
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy ev'ry clown I see
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And ev'ry idle care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

Cowden Knows.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves:

But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art :
 He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round
 Of Leader haughs, and Leader-side ;
 O how I bless the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowden Knows,
 For sure so fresh so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows :
 Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush Aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve amongst the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swain,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows !

Johnny and Mary.

DOWN the bourne and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny liting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou.

Dear she loo'd the well known song,
 While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the bourne, &c.

Costly claithes she had but few,
 Of rings and jewels nae great store,
 Her face was fair, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize,
 O'er the mountain, rear the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithful Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lovers find?
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
Down the bourne, &c.

The Sailor's Advice.

AS you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry
 night,
 If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabin with love.
Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts like the main-mast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like our tackle be tight;
 Of the shoals of Indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of Jealousy never come near.
And the quicksands, &c.

If husband's e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their
wives,

For the evener we go, boys, the better we fail,
And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail.
And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise ;
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
And a hundred, &c.

The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the horse old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot.
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical sot.
Tol derol, derol, tidol, didol.

The ev'ning was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due, and submission ;
First strok'd his cravat, next twirl'd round his hat,
And, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?
Why, Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay :
You fool, hold your peace—since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions ;
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye
hear ;

I hate to be call'd from my liquor :
Come, Moses—the King !—'tis a scandalous thing
Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible show'r ;
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger that's
plain,
But, perhaps, you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on—Sir, the clock has struck one ;
Pray, master, look up at the hand :
Why it ne'er can strike less—'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length, hat and cloak old orthodox took,
But first cram'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave the clerk humm'd a stave,
While the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray—put the corpse t'other way,
 Or, perchance, I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care ; tho' the sages declare
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man—that's wrong—the
 leaf's torn ;

Oh ! — man that is born of a woman
 Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a
 flow'r—

You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book !
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down !—
 Such a scandalous print—sure the devil is in't,
 That this Strahan should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead.
 (Amen, Amen.)

Why, Moses, you're wrong !—pray hold still your
 tongue—

You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, death !—put the corpse in
 the earth,

For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather :
 So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol derol, &c.

The Echoing Horn.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant, returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with the bottle and lads to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy :
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

O the Days when I was Young.

O THE days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night ;
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown,
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey ;
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

The wandering Sailor.

THE wand'ring failor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole,
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore !

The general Toast.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the last,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, Sir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient I care not a feather ;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the last,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Jacky Bull from France.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
 The gossing you discover ;
 But taught to ride, to fence and dance,
 A finish'd goose comes over.

With his tierce and carte—fa! fa!
 And his cotillion so smart—ha! ha!
 He charms each female heart—oh, la!
 As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see 'squire at home,
 The prince of country tonies;
 Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
 Our 'squire's a nice Adonis.
 With his tierce and carte—fa! fa!
 And his cotillion so smart—ha! ha!
 He charms the female heart—oh, la!
 The pink of macaronies.

Amo Amos.

AMO amar,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender:
 Sweet Cowslip's grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

*Rorum corum,
 Sunt diverum,
 Harum scarum!
 Divo! —*

*Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
 Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo!*

Can I decline
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
 Her *oculis* bright,
 Her *manus* white,
 And soft, when I *tauto*, her pulse is.
Rorum, corum, &c.

Oh, how bella
 My puella !
 I'll kiss, *secula seculorum* :
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my uxor ;
O dies benedictorum !

Rerum, corum, &c.

A hunting Song.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold,
 And the mead was all spangled with dew-drops
 behold :
 The larks early morn'g proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay :
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasures can
 vie,
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.
 Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slaves of the state hunt the smiles of the
 court :
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degrees ;—
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place—
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame ;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth—
All the blessing we ask, is the blessing of health :

With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
we roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasures can
vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

How imperfect is Expression.

HOW imperfect is expression,

Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a soft confession,

And yet seek to hide the heart !

When our bosoms, all complying,

With delicious tumults swell,

And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying,

Language would, but cannot tell !

Deep confusion's rosy terror,

Quite expressive, paints my cheek :

Ask no more—behold your error—

Blushes eloquently speak.

What, tho' silent is my anguish,

Or breath'd only to the air,

Mark my eyes, and as they languish,

Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !

Once my soul's strong feeling view !

Love has nought more fond, believe me ;

Friendship nothing half so true.

From you, I am wild, despairing ;
 With you, speechless as I touch !
 This is all that bears declaring.
 And, perhaps, declares too much.

Jovial Companion.

COME, come my jolly lads ;
 The wind's abaft ;
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd :—
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat ;
 The boatswain pipe's aloud :
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board ;
 The rising gale
 Fills ev'ry sail ;
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd ;
 Then sling the flowing bowl—
 Fond hopes arise—
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The cann, boys, bring—
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall shew
 The haughty foe
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sing the flowing bowl, &c.

Fal de ral Tit.

'T WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance :
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 O the like was never seen ;
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away ;
 And when I had nothing left to say
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames' street
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat
 With a can of grog, gillio !
 A can of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my ship mate,
 And satisfaction gave him straight ;
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The macaronies next came in,
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thinking for to strike me dumb—
 Some were short, and some were tall ;
 But 'tis very well known I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say
 As how he wish'd I would go away,
 And if I 'tempted him for to stay
 As how he'd take the law :
 Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst ;
 All this I said, and nothing worse ;
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

Its when I have cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,

Of grog I'll drink galore ;
With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be quite satisfied,
Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

The Maid of the Mill.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see ;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green
The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose ;
He looks like a squire of high degree
When dress'd in his Sunday's clothes.

*Return, enraptur'd Love.**

RETURN, enraptur'd hours,
When Delia's heart was mine ;
When she, with wreaths of flow'rs
My temples did entwine !
No jealousy nor care
Corroded in my breast,
And visions light as air
Presided o'er my rest.

Since I'm remov'd from state,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine ;
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happiness !
This grant ye pow'rs above !
And take my soul to bliss !

Now, nightly round my bed,
No airy visions play ;
Nor flow'rets deck my head,
Each vernal holiday :
But far from these sad plains
The lovely Delia flies,
While rack'd with jealous pains
Her wretched Andre dies.

Darby, the Beau.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby ! ah ! what can you do ?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town ;
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air ;
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

* Wrote by the unfortunate Major Andre, while
in confinement.

In town I shall cut a great dash ;
 But how for to compass the cash ?
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;
 With cards I can take the flats in ;
 Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd ;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first, for to get a great name,
 A duel will establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write—
 But first I'll be sure he won't fight ;
 We'll swear not to part till we fall ;
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

Good-morrow to your Night-cap.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
 Find sleep how very sweet 'tis ;
 Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out ;
 You never dream how late 'tis.
 This morning gay
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play :
 On two legs rid
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowsy
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy
 To let me sit beside her :
 Her anger rose,
 And four as floes,
 The little gypsy cock'd her nose :
 Yet here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honey-suckle,
 The daisy and the violet
 Compose so sweet a truckle,
 They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
 Sweet Sal and Bell
 I've pleas'd so well—
 But hold, I must'nt kiss and tell :
 So here I've rid
 Along, to bid
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Delia.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears ;
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear ;
 No other wit but her's approve ;
 Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove ;
 Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;
 Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her net she spread for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
 Tell me my heart, if this be love ?

Colin and Laura.

WHY Collin, must your Laura mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return?
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

No more the tenants of the grove
In concert tune their tales of love;
And nature ceases to be gay
When e'er my shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid;
O quickly come, and bring with thee
Glad joy to all, but love to me.

Eloisa's Complaint.

FROM the brook and the willow forsaking the
plain,
Eloisa came mournfully telling her pain;
On her trembling hand she reclin'd her sad head,
Nor prest her pale cheek, for the colour was fled;
Her languid eyes rais'd, after many a groan,
And thus she began in a faltering tone.

Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook, lend your
aid,
Regard the complaint of an unhappy maid;
If the man whom I love should here chance to rove,
In murmuring sounds let the brook thus reprove:
The maid by persuasion and you, led astray,
Came to relate her sad story, one day.

For you ev'ry shepherd she us'd with disdain,
And pitch'd upon you for her favourite swain;

But when her fond heart you possess'd, you forbore
 The respect she had always commanded before :
 For the sake of the nymph whom you did ensnare,
 Add a tear to this brook, and a sigh to this tear.

S O N G.

WHY heaves my fond bosom, ah ! what can
 it mean,

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene ?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
 near,

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
 near,

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear ?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace,

The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face :

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find ;

With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind.

Each moment, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd with pride,

There native good humour and virtue reside :

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply

With compassion for him, who without thee must

Pray heaven, &c.

[die.]

The desert Plains.

O'ER desert plains and rushy meers,

And wither'd heaths I rove,

Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,

I pass to meet my love ;

L

But tho' my paths were damask'd o'er
 With beauties e'er so fine,
 My busy thoughts would fly before
 To fix on thee alone.
 O'er desert plains, &c.

No fir crown'd hill could give delight,
 No palace please my eye ;
 No pyramids ærial height,
 Where mould'ring monarchs lie ;
 O'er desert plains, &c.

Unmov'd should eastern Kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see,
 Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
 Nor steal one glance from thee.
 O'er desert plains and rushy meers, &c.

S O N G.

A DIEU! ye verdant lawns and bow'rs,
 Adieu, my peace is o'er ;
 Adieu, ye sweetest shrubs and flow'rs,
 Since Delia breaths no more.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
 Adieu ye streams and floods ;
 Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales,
 Adieu ye meads and woods.

Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
 Adieu yon pleasing plain !
 Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair,
 We ne'er shall meet again.

The Braes of Balendine.

BENEATH a green grove, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain ;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow :

Rude winds with compassion could hear him
 complain,
 But Cloe less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew !
 When Cloe's bright charms first flush'd in my view ;
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
 survey ;

Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than
 they :

Now scenes of distress alone meet my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Then changes in vain for relief I pursue,
 All else but conspire my grief to renew :
 From sunshine to zephyrs, and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire,
 The breezes grow dull, not Strephon's desire !
 I fly from the danger of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind ;
 Ah wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair !

The Linnet.

AS passing by a shady grove,
 I heard a linnet sing,
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love,
 Proclaim'd the chearful spring.
 His pretty accents seem'd to flow,
 As if he knew no pain,
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
 It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd)
 Contented thus to be ;
 'Tis only harmony and love,
 Can be compar'd to thee.
 Thus perch'd upon the spray you stand,
 The monarch of the shade ;
 And even sip ambrosial sweets,
 That glow from ev'ry glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,
 How joyful might he be !
 But man was never form'd for this,
 'Tis only joy for thee.
 Then farewell, pretty bird, (I said)
 Pursue thy plaintive tale,
 And let thy tuneful accents spread
 All o'er the fragrant vale.

Queen Mary's Lamentation.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan ;
 Alas ! it encreases my pain.
 When I think on the days that are gone.
 Through the grate of my prison I see,
 The birds as they wanton in air ;

My heart, how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair !

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes ;
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman ! in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be ;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some hearts still shall sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell ;
How comfortless passes the day !
How sad tolls the evening bell !
The owls from the battlements cry ;
Hollow winds seem to murmur around ;
O Mary ! prepare thee to die !
My blood it runs cold at the sound !

The Jolly Waterman.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman
Who at Blackfriars bridge us'd for to ply ?
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye ;
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily ;
The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily ;
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an
air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fair.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry ;
'Twas clean'd out so neat, and painted withall ;
He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall :

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering,
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing or jeering ;
 For loving, or liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fair.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen—
 As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
 He was ply'd by a damsel, so lovely and charming,
 That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he
 did fall :

And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
 He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow ;
 Then how should this waterman ever know care,
 When he's married, and never in want of a fair ?

Father Paul.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
 And moral wit define,
 The precepts taught in Roman Schools
 We friars here devine.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to Father Paul !
 For flowing bowls
 Inspire the souls
 Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met
 We laugh, we joke, and sing ;
 All worldly cares we there forget,
 For Father Paul's our king.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

No absolution we will give,
 Ye blue-ey'd nuns so fair ;

No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

With beads and cross, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal,
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

May ev'ry friar please his nun!
Each nun her friar please!
And each alike enjoy the fun,
With freedom and with ease.

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
Let friars be the toast;
Long may they all exist on earth,
And nuns their order boast!

Chorus, *Here's a health, &c.*

The Timely Adviser.

A DIEU, ye groves, adieu ye plains!
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies:
See from afar th' impending storm,
With sullen haste appears;
See winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling years.

No more ye lambs with gamesom bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd light;
No more the gay enamel'd ground,
Of Sylvan scenes delight:

Thus, Zephalinda, much lov'd maid,
 Thy early charms shall fail;
 The rose must droop, the lilly fade,
 And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of May,
 May rise on active wing:
 Again the sportive herds may play,
 And hail reviving spring.
 But youth, my fair, sees no return;
 The pleasing bubble o'er,
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
 They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, the time improve,
 Which art can ne'er regain,
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,
 With some distinguish'd swain:
 So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
 Pass smiling and serene;
 Tho' Summer, Autumn glide away,
 And Winter close the scene.

The Dauphin.

YE sons of Mars, attend,
 Come join the festive throng,
 In loftiest strains exult,
 For Jove approves the song.
 Let gladness ev'ry heart expand,
 Let gratitude inspire
 Each patriot's breast with joy unfeign'd
 To hail the royal Sire!
 A Dauphin's born, let cannons loud
 Bid echo rend the sky;
 Long life to Gallia's king,
 Columbia's great ally.

Hark, hark ! a feu de joye—
 Makes trembling æther ring,
 While shouting armies hail
 A Prince, a future King ;
 On whom may heaven with liberal hand,
 Its choicest gifts bestow :
 May peace and wisdom bless his reign,
 And laurels grace his brow.
 A Dauphins' born, &c.

To visit earth once more,
 Lo, lo ! Astrea deigns ;
 The golden age returns,
 Now truth and justice reigns,
 See, proud oppression hides its head,
 Fell tyranny expires,
 For independence, heaven's fair gift,
 Lights freedom's sacred fires.
 A Dauphin's born, &c.

The Death of General WOLFE.

IN a mouldring cave, where the wretched retreat,
 Britannia sat wasted with care ;
 She wept for her WOLFE, then exclaim'd against
 fate ;

And gave herself up to despair,
 The walls of her cell were insculptur'd around
 With the exploits of her favorite son ;
 And even the dust as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with the deeds he had done.

The Sire of the gods, from his chrystiline throne,
 Beheld this disconsolate dame ;
 And mov'd with her fate he sent Mercury down,
 And these were the tidings that came.

M

Britannia forbear, not a sigh, nor a tear,
 For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;
 Your grief shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
 For thy Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old;
 Have broke from their darksome abodes,
 And such is the news as in heav'n it is told,
 They are marching to war with the gods ;
 A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
 Where they came to this final decree,
 That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
 And the charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with these orders I flew :
 He beg'd for a moment's delay,
 He cry'd, Oh! forbear, let me victory hear,
 And then thy commands I'll obey ;
 With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,
 And convey'd him away in an urn ;
 Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore
 Should persuade him again to return.

The Wonderful OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though 'tis not
 common

Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman :
 And though 'tis incredible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

When e'er he was hungry, he long'd for some meat
 And if he could get it, 'twas said, he would eat ;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
 And yet I've been told, he could hear in the night ;

He has oft been awake in the day time, 'tis said,
And has fall'n fast asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And stir'd both his arms and legs when he walk'd ;
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always go first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twere not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean ;
He shew'd his teeth most when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

'Midst other strange things that beset this good
yeoman,
He was marry'd, poor soul, and his wife was a
woman ;
If not by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm, he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then as folks said, he was not very well ;
But, what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, could get no physician.

What pity he died ; yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was caused at last by the want of his breath.
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder ;
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older ;

The Tipler's Defence.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
glass !

But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like 'em, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I am sure she was fair;
But such goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own;
But though she could smile, yet in truth she could
frown;

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
But lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That I like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me in time that my love will be cloy'd,
And that beauty is insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine, I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Perhaps like their sex ever false to their word,
She had left me, to get an estate or a lord;
But my bottle regardless of titles or pelf,
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life
With nurses and children, and squalling and strife;
But my wine neither nurses nor babes can bring,
For a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty fine thing.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain:
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
For wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and
try.

Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP to every willing mind
 Opens a heavenly treasure:
 There may the sons of sorrow find
 Sources of real pleasure.
 See what employments men pursue,
 Then you will own my words are true:
 Friendship alone unfolds to view
 Sources of real pleasure,

Poor are the joys which fools esteem,
 Fading and transitory:
 Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
 Or a delusive story:
 Luxury leaves a sting behind,
 Wounding the body and the mind:
 Only in Friendship can we find
 Pleasure and solid glory.

Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,
 Is but a painted bubble:
 Short is the triumph, wit bestows,
 Full of deceit and trouble:
 Fame, like a shadow, flees away,
 Titles and dignities decay:
 Nothing but Friendship can display
 Joys, that are free from trouble.

Learning (that boasted glittering thing)
 Scarcely is worth possessing:
 Riches, for ever on the wing,
 Cannot be call'd a blessing:
 Sensual pleasures swell desire,
 Just as the fuel feeds the fire:
 Friendship can real bliss inspire,
 Bliss that is worth possessing.

Happy the man, who has a friend
 Form'd by the God of nature ;
 Well may he feel and recommend
 Friendship for his Creator.
 Then as our hands in Friendship join,
 So let our social powers combine,
 Rul'd by a passion most divine,
 Friendship with our Creator.

Plato.

SAYS Plato why should man be vain ?
 Since bounteous Heav'n has made him great !
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state !
 Can splendid robes or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair ?
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die :
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.
 Go, search the tombs where monarch's rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore :
 The wealth and glory they possess,
 And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train :
 But, when its short liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let Friendship reign while here stay,
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove commands we must away.

S O N G . *

SINCE love is the plan,
 I'll love if I can,
 But first let me tell you what fort of a man :
 In address how complete,
 In his dress spruce and neat,
 No matter how tall so he's over five feet.

Then this is my fancy,
 Such a man can I see,
 I'm his if he's mine,
 Until then I am free.

Tho' gentle he be,
 His man he shall see,
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me ;
 In a dance bear a bob,
 In a glass hob-a-nob,
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.
 Then this is my fancy, &c.

 Lovely Nymph.

LOVELY nymph now cease to languish,
 Yield not thus thy mind to woe ;
 Look behind the cloud of anguish,
 Chearing beams of comfort blow,
 Chearing beams of comfort blow.

Let enliv'ning hope elate thee,
 Hope that points to fairer skies ;
 Think the transient ills that wait thee,
 Are but blessings in disguise.
 Are but, &c.

* Sung by Mrs. Morris in the Poor Soldier.

Be not by distress dejected :

Shrink not from affliction's hand ;

Falshood is from truth detested,

By the kind enchantress wand.

By the kind, &c.

Sage instructress, she shall train thee ;

Steady virtue teach thy heart ;

Short, but short liv'd, pains await thee,

Endless blessings to impart,

Endless blessings to impart.

Wisdom's Favourite.

BANISH sorrow grief and folly,
Thoughts unbend the wrinkling brow ;

Hence dull cares and melancholy,

Wine and mirth unite us now.

Bacchus opens all his treasure,

Comus brings us wit and song ;

Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,

And let's join the jovial song.

Life is short, its but a season ;

Time is ever on the wing ;

Lest the present moment seize on,

Who knows what the rest may bring ?

All my time I now will measure,

All cares I now despise,

Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,

To be happy's to be wise.

Wherefore should we thus perplex us,

Why should we not merry be ;

Since there's nothing here to vex us ;

Drinking sets our hearts all free.

Let's have drinking without measure,
 Let's have mirth, what time we have;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow pleasure,
 There's no drinking in the grave.

Delia.

I DELIA's beauties would disclose,
 More blooming than the blushing rose,
 And sweeter than the spring :
 She fairest is of all the fair,
 To ev'ry grove I'll this declare,
 Of Beauty's queen I sing.

Aid then my song each smiling Muse,
 Your melody you can't refuse
 To celebrate her charms ;
 Inspire to praise in purest rhyme
 Her—whose mild beauties are divine,
 And all my breast alarms.

Steal silent by ye murm'ring streams,
 Let echo swell the tender themes,
 The themes her praise rehearse :
 Her praise shall employ my breath,
 And nought but all-devouring Death
 Shall end the pleasing verse.

To paint the lustre of her eyes,
 An azure stolen from the skies,
 Would need a Sappho's tongue :
 Her shape, her tuneful voice that thrills,
 And all the soul with rapture fills,
 These must remain unsung.

Her gentle sympathetic heart,
Fond to assuage Affliction's smart,
Can drop the crystal tear ;
Like gracious Heav'n she wears a smile
That would the fiercest pains beguile,
And soften rigid care.

Good sense and virtue, hand in hand,
The graces all, a genial band,
Upon her steps attend :
From charms so striking to the sight,
So pregnant with sincere delight,
What can the heart defend ?

Her modest worth, no wily art,
Engaged my captivated heart
To cherish fond desires ;
'Twas Beauty taught me to admire,
But Virtue's bloom that did inspire
These firm undying fires,

Supremely blest in Delia's love,
From her embrace I'd ne'er remove,
Nor e'er inconstant stray ;
But spending life in tranquil ease,
Make it my study how to please,
And blithsome pass each day.

Could we our joys and sorrows share,
Double each bliss, dissolve each care,
'Twould sure transporting prove :
Together glide the sea of life,
Avoid ambition, banish strife,
And seek immortal love.

Cloe : Singing.

NO shepherdes of all the plain
 Like Cloe tunes her charming song ;
 I hear transported ev'ry strain,
 To Cloe sure the sweetest sounds belong.

Hark ! how the warblings of her voice
 Tremble throughout the silent grove ;
 Melodious echoes round rejoice,
 Melting my soul to strong impatient love.

Hark !—Philomel has ceas'd his lays
 To listen to her softer song ;
 The distant swains, attentive, praise
 The thrilling accents of her tuneful tongue.

Inchanting Music ! thou hast power
 To warm the shepherd's gentle breast,
 And, when the toiling day is o'er,
 Give joy and rapture to his ev'ning's rest.

Belinda Blushing.

I Sing the beauties that adorn
 Belinda's lovely face,
 Her blushes emulate the morn,
 And give enchanting grace.

'Tis Virtue paints an op'ning rose
 Upon her blooming cheek ;
 'Tis Virtue would the charms disclose
 That real worth bespeak.

Her modest beauties all are pure,
 And sweetest joys impart :
 No tinsel can like these insure
 The captivated heart.

Pleasing angelic Modesty!
Thy blooms resistless prove;
Chaste Innocence attends on thee,
And Constancy and Love!

Tear of Compassion.

HYLA's the sweetest maid on earth,
No one could charm me so;
The tear proclaims her heav'nly birth,
She weeps for others woe.

No gem, that glads the gaudy fair,
And sparkles to the sight,
Can with that crystal drop compare,
Productive of delight.

Compassion hail! enchanting pow'r,
To soften Care thou'rt given;
Sweet soother of the sadden'd hour,
Blest attribute of Heav'n.

Fond Nature, with a kind intent
To chear the drooping soul,
This sweet, amongst the dregs, has sent
Of Life's distasteful bowl.

Offspring of universal Love,
Spark of ethereal fire,
Thy melting ardours, hearts improve,
And gen'rous thoughts inspire.

My passions let thy influence bind
To emulate my fair,
For soft and pleasing pains attend
The sympathetic tear!

S O N G.

LET the gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run,
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

S O N G.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
 shone clear,
 I had not been hunting for more than a year :
 I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
 bound,
 For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly
 found,
 Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into cover, old Anthony cries,
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, sir, he 'spies ;
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip ;
 Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
 Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,
 He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in ;
 And as he crept out, why he spi'd old Ren',
 With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his
 den.
 Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
 As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood;
 Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
 Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.
 Talco, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or
 more,
 Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore,
 But Reynard being spent soon must give up the
 ghost,
 Which will heighten our joys when we come to
 each toast.
 Taleb, &c.

The day's sport being over the horns we will found,
 To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,
 So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
 To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
 Taleo, &c.

S O N G.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen
 too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field;
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield.
 His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The husband gets up, at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the commons full speed;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
 The poet, too, often lays low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,

Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds over leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down.
 Thus, public or private, for pension, for place.
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

Young Colin.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love :
 Was ever swain so blythe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free,
 In spite of all my friends can say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the mead along,
 He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen :
 If he's but by, I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care ;
 Then spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home ;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love ;

Full well I know the generous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain ;
 Then spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

S O N G.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs (I ask not wealth)
 Grant me but innocence and health ;
 Ah ! what is grandeur link'd to vice ?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G.

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed
 Young Jocky won my heart ;
 None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
 None sung with so much art,
 His skilful tale
 Did soon prevail,
 To make me fondly love him ;
 But now he flies,
 Nor hears my cries,
 I would I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met, the bonny swain
 Of nought but love could say :
 Oh ! give, he cried, my heart again,
 You've stole my heart away :
 Or else incline,
 To give me thine,
 And I'll together join 'em,
 My faithful heart
 Will never part,
 Ah ! why did I believe him.

Not now my slighted face he knows,
 His soon forgotten dear ;
 To wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes,
 To breath his falsehood there :
 Mistaken Kate,
 The swain's a cheat,
 Not for a moment trust him :
 For shining gold,
 He's bought and sold :
 I would I had not seen him.

Then all ye maidens fly the swain,
 His wily stories shun :
 Else you like me must soon complain,
 Like me will be undone ;
 But peace my breast,
 Nor break my rest ;
 I try clean to forget him ;
 I soon shall see
 As good as he ;
 I wish I ne'er had seen him.

S O N G.

LORD ! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy
 But I the refusal can bear ;
 I warrant I shall not run crazy,
 Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken ;
 For, Sir, for to let you to know,
 I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
 But I hvae two strings to my bow.

O

S O N G.

SAY, little foolish, fluttering thing,
 Whither, ah! whither would you wing
 Your airy flight?
 Stay here, and sing
 Your mistress to delight.
 No, no, no,
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go,
 Where you wanton. could you be
 Half so happy as with me.

S O N G.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad,
 That ever maiden woo'd:
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of love, whene'er we meet,
 His words with rapture flow;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have no pow'r to go.
 All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan:
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.
 Where'er I go I nothing fear
 If Jockey is but by,
 For I alone am all his care
 When any danger's nigh.

He vows to wed next Witsunday,
 And make me blest for life;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife?

S O N G.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
 Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
 Or would some bird, that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold:
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high;
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

S O N G.

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind him I'm forc'd to
 remain;

Tho' blue-bells and v'ilets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the
 thorn;

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear Jockey, again.
 Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they
 chat,

Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see;

Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not
there,

No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh !
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

S O N G.

FROM the man that I love, though my heart
I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has sense, &c.

A wit without sense, without fury a beau ;
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox ;
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather ;

Yet if he has sence but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw!
 Yet if he has sence, &c.

S O N G.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
 Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
 He with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

S O N G.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good natur'd, and frolic, and gay,
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny, &c.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;
 Rose, vi'let nor lilly with me can compare:
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear;
 And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh
 He cry'd, O my dear will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.
 I trembled all over, and answered, Not I:
 And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet:
 And a bonny, &c.

At eve. when the sun seeks repose in the west,
 And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
 When I meet on the green the dear boy I love
 best,
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast:
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
 Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for
 you:
 We live for each other, but constant and true,
 And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew:
 And a bonny, &c.

S O N G.

AS my cow I was milking just now in the vale,
 Young Alexis advanced and told a fond tale;
 Such a tale, gentle maidens, believe what I say,
 I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day?
 I with pleasure could wait,
 I with pleasure could wait,
 I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day?

Hail Florella he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow,
 For to see you, believe me, I came from the
 plough.

Wilt thou have me Florella, my dearest now say?
 I with frowns soon reply'd I'll not hear you to-day.

Pray, Alexis, I said—for to try him I strove,
 Never come near me more, for I'm sure you don't
 love;

Not deter'd by rough speeches, nor all I could say,
 Still he answer'd, with smiles, make me happy to-day.

Now, with blushes I tell, I no longer said no,
 But Alexis and I unto church soon did go;
 Ye lasses, then hear me, oh hear me I pray,
 Never wait for to-morrow, catch hold on to-day.

S O N G.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,
 Young Colin pursues me, tho' still I say No,
 Ye matrons experienc'd inform me, I pray,
 In a point that's so critical, what shall I say?
 Ye matrons experienc'd inform me, I pray,
 In a point that's so critical, what shall I say?

Soft sonnets he makes on my beauty and wit,
 Such praises a bosom that's tender must hit;
 He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye;
 In points that's so critical, what can I say?

He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen,
 And saluting me, call'd me his heart's little queen:
 In my breast, like a bird, I found something play,
 Instruct a young virgin then what she must say.

But vain my petition, you heed not my call,
But leave me unguarded to stand or to fall;
No more I'll solicit, no longer I'll pray,
Let prudence inform me in what I shall say.

When next he approaches, with care in his eye,
If he asks me to wed I vow I'll comply,
At church he may take me for ever and aye,
And I warrant you then I shall know what to say.

S O N G,

LORD, what care I for mam and dad?
Why let 'em scold and bellow,
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on Gander green,
The youth he danc'd so well o.
So spruce a lad was never seen,
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow;
Says he my dear, I'll see you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, if you'll not tell o,
I'll kiss you here, by this good light—
Lord what charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell o,
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

THOU' prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, ah ! what can they do ?
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says, my Henry is true.
 The bee thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray ;
 With rapture possessing
 In one ev'ry blessing,
 Till torn from her bosom ne'er flies far away.

Auld Robin Grey.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the
 kye at hame,
 And a' the weary warld to sleep is gane ;
 The waes of my heart fall in show'rs fra' my e'e
 While my gude man sleeps sound by me.
 Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his
 bride,
 But saving a crown he had naithing else beside.
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had na been awa a week but only twa,
 When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was
 stole awa,
 My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
 When Auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.
 My faither cou'd na work, and my mither cou'd na
 spin,
 I toiled day and night but their bread I cou'd na
 win,

Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, Jeanie, for their sakes, oh marry me :
 My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a
 wreck,

His ship was a wreck, why did na Jamie die,
 And why was he spared to cry wae is me ?

My faither urg'd me fair, but my mither did na
 speak,

But she lookt in my face till my heart was like to
 break ;

So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at
 sea,

And auld Robin Gray was a gude man to me :
 I had na been a wife, weeks but only four,
 When sitting so dowie, ae day at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, but I could na think it he,
 Till he said, I'm came hame love, to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away,

I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,

Oh, why was I born to say, wae is me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I dinna like to spin,

I dare not think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;

So I'll do the best I can a guide wife to be,

For Auld Robin Gray is so kind to me :

The Death of Robin Grey.

THE summer it was smiling, nature round was
 gay,

When Jeanie was attending on Auld Robin Gray ;

For he was sick at heart, and had na friend beside,

But only me, poor Jeanie, who newly was his
 bride.

Ah Jeanie ! I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had
 birth,
 Then see my poor auld banes, pray, laid into the
 earth,
 And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and
 a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to Auld Robin
 Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I
 cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
 gude,
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I
 sigh'd
 Ah wae is me what shall I do since poor Auld Ro-
 bin died :
 Search ev'ry part thro' out the land there's none
 like me forlorn ; [born,
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was
 For Jamie all I lov'd on earth ; ah ! he is gone
 away ;
 My faither and my mither's dead and eke Auld
 Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun and spun till set-
 ting day
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
 Robin Gray ;
 I did the duty of a wife both kind and constant too
 Let ev'ry one example take and Jeanie's plan
 pursue. [lost,
 I thought that Jamie he was dead or he to me was
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was
 crost.
 I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time
 away,
 For I had not a friend alive since died Auld Ro-
 bin Gray.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na
 guess the cause,
 Yet Rodney was the man they said who got so
 much applause ;
 I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to
 me,
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is
 for thee,
 Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and still your heart
 is true,
 Then take me Jeanie to your arms, and I will be
 so too.
 Mefs John shall join us at the kirk and we'll be
 blith and gay,
 I blush'd, consented, and replied, adieu to Robin
 Gray.

The Ghaißt of Robin Grey.

'TWAS in the dead of night, soon after Jeanie
 wed,
 And wi' her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her bed,
 A hollow voice she heard which call'd her to awake,
 And listen to the words would be utter'd for her
 sake, [fear,
 She started from her sleep, her bosom beat with
 When the ghaist of Robin Gray before her did
 appear, [fear,
 He wav'd his shadowy hand, and thus to her did
 Ah Jeanie ! list awhile, to your Auld Robin Gray.
 I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove,
 Or interrupt the joys you share in Jamie's love,
 His honest heart deserves whatever he can receive,
 Since he has fought sa nobly, and would not you
 deceive ;

Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid
me tell,

With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll display
If you will but believe the ghaist of Robin Gray.

And Jeanie must submit, your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in store for you a high and rich
reward ;

The haughty Dons subdued, with Holland and with
France,

Your Jamie with fresh laurels crown'd will to your
wish advance.

Then let him haste wi' all his speed to join a noble
fleet,

Tho' danger does appear in view no harm shall
Jamie meet,

But joyful shall return again upon a future day,
And you may sure believe the ghaist of Robin Gray.

S O N G.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green
hill,

And I at ewe milking first show'd my young skill ;

'T'oe bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me,

So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee,

For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang,

My yellow hair'd laddie shall be my good-man.

When corn riggs waved yellow, and blue hether
bells

Bloom'd bonny on moorland, or sweet rising fells ;

Nae birns, briars, or brakens gave trouble to me,

So I eat the sweet berries when gather'd by thee ;

For aye as I walk'd, and aye as I sang,

My vallow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

When you ran, or you wrestled, or putted the flane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain,
 Give me still these pleasures, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee;
 For aye as I wedded, and aye as I sang,
 My yallow-hair'd laddie shall be my good-man.

S O N G.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light :
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 While I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May :
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new dress'd green :
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves desportive play,

The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their lov'd-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

S O N G.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and my
pride

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide :
I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;
They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no ;
They say, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea !"
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again :
I kiss her sweet lips, as if their I could grow ;
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee ;
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no :
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :

'Thy bounty. O fortune, make haste to bestow;
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No;
And let me, &c.

S O N G.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won:
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
You say I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a flake of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that never dies.
Then take and try me, you shall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

S O N G.

LET the tempest of war
Be heard from a far,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess

For in them I obtain
 True peace without pain,
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest :
 In some cottage or cell,
 Like a shepherd to dwell,
 From all interruption at ease ;
 In a peaceable life,
 To be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.

GRAMACHREE.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blithest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray ;
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
 Ah ! gramachree, ma cholleenouge,
 Ma Molly ashtore !

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets,
 The dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
 Of her whom I adore.
 Ah ! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate ;
 How can she break the honest heart,
 That wears her in its core ?
 Ah ! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender words,
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay, Heav'n could give no more.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love, I'd gladly share,
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
 Sat courting on a bough,
 I envy'd them their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
 While life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone;
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Balinamora Ora.

WHEREVER, I'm going, and all the day
 long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,

I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
song

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave:

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

Sensibility.

SWEET Sensibility ! to every charm
'Tis thou canst added energy impart ;
'Tis thou inspir'it the all-awakened glow ;
The moral polish of the feeling heart.

In vain may Beauty boast the finish'd form ;
 Her eyes but with unmeaning brightness roll :
 Till thou bestow'st the finely-pointed charm,
 That sinks resistless to the yielding soul.

Thus vulgar artists, with unheeded care,
 May form and colouring to a portrait give :
 But such fine tints as speak the master's hand,
 Add grace, expression, bid the canvas live.

The Joys of Sleighing.

OF all the fine things that the gay celebrate,
 And the many odd fancies that come from each
 pate,

Sure its matter of wonder that none e'er resound
 The circle of joys that in sleighing abound.

There are some who in pheaton glory to roll,
 Whilst others in chariots expand the whole soul,
 To bestride prancing horses full many may please ;
 But the pleasures of sleighing are greater than these.

Musidora, Miss Mira, and all the gay throng
 In exchange for a sleighing will give you a song ;
 They will leave a dear ball, concerto or play,
 And vow that no music's as sweet as a sleigh.

Then strike a bold stroke, gain their hearts while
 you can ;

The greater galant, the more favourite man.

'Tis not whining nor pining that carries the day :
 So away with such nonsense, and out with the
 sleigh !

Corydon and Phillis.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,

To hide from the heat of the day ;
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the sweet violets lays
 A young lambkin, it seems, had been stolen from
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot) [its dam
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps
 He saw the fair nymph with surprize ;
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes ;
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.
 But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you
 I think you too loud on the spray ; [keep,
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis/day.
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid,
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose,
 I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile.
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But trust we I've long been awake.
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself down by her side ;
 And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

Soldier's Song.

HOW stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys,
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound.
 The trumpets found,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound;
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why foldiers, why,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die?
 What sighing, fie!
 Drown fear, drink on be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
 'Tis but in vain
 For foldiers to complain;
 Should next campaign
 Send us to Him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

S O N G.

YE virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,

And with prudence adhere to my plan ;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then choose out a youth
 With honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids, make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan ;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings,
 But be constant, and blest while you can.

S O N G.

OH ! the days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long :
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 Oh ! the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why I vow I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found,
 In the bottom of each flask !
 Oh ! the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey ;
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 Oh ! the days, &c.

S O N G.

COME, ye party jangling swains,
 Leave your flocks and quit the plains,
 Friends to country, friends to court,
 Nothing here shall spoil your sport.
 Ever welcome to our feast,
 Welcome every friendly guest !

Sprightly widows come away,
 Laughing dames and virgins gay,

Little gaudy, fluttering misses,
Smiling hopes of future blisses.
Ever welcome, &c.

All that ripening sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow,
Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming,
Rage and party malice dies.
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every friendly guest!

S O N G,

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her
head,
And poverty listens, well pleas'd, from her shed;

While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair ;
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

S O N G.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
Myrtles wreath and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle !
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure we are spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying !
Then the groans of soldiers dying,
Just like sparrows, as it were.
At each pop,
Hundreds drop ;
While the muskets prittle prattle :

Killed and wounded,
Lie confounded,
What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot,
All go to't,
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle.

S O N G.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily, gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Galloping galloway, draggle tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
Galloping dreary dun :
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun ;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun:
 We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think on it—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

S O N G.

HARK! hark! sweet Lark, the trumpet sounds,
 'Tis honour calls to war;
 Now love I leave, perhaps for wounds—
 And beauty for a scar.

But, ah? suppress those rising sighs;
 Ah? check that falling tear:
 Left soft distress, from lovely eyes,
 Create a new-born fear.

My life to fame devoted was,
 Before my fair I knew,
 And, if I now desert her cause,
 Shall I be worthy you?

It is not fame alone invites,
 Though fame this bosom warms:
 My country's violated rights
 Impel my soul to arms.

S O N G.

GO! tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
To Daphny's window speed thy way,
And there on tremb'ling pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display :

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sound that soothes her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The birds from India's groves may shine,
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd with thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
And all his flaunting race with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, but sings forlorn.

S O N G.

I DREAMT I saw a piteous sight,
Young Cupid weeping lay,
Until his pretty stars of light,
Had wept themselves away.

Methought I ask'd him why he wept,
Mere pity led me on :
He deeply sigh'd and then replied,
Alas! I am undone.

As I beneath yon myrtle lay,
Close by Diana's springs,
Amintor stole my bow away,
And pinien'd both my wings.

Alas ! said I where's then thy bow,
Wherewith he wounded me ;
Thou art a god, and such a blow,
Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be
On that ambitious swain,
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
And thou shalt fly again :

And all the service on my part
That I require of thee,
Is that you'd wound Amintor's heart,
And make him die for me.

The silken fetters I untied,
And the gay wings display'd,
He mounting gently fann'd and cry'd
Adieu, fond foolish maid !

At that I blush'd and angry grew,
I should the god believe ;
But waking found my dream too true,
Alas ! I was a slave.

S O N G.

HOW oft, beneath yon artless bow'r,
Have I with Phœbe sat,
And spent a sweet, a harmless hour,
In gay, endearing chat !

Oft would the sportive wren alight,
And chirp from vine to vine ;
Peace ! little vagrant, thy delight
Could not compare with mine.

While at the evening's mild decay,
 We've fought our much lov'd grove,
 The Robin's soft, melodious lay,
 Would harmonize our love.

Ah ! Colin leave the flattering theme,
 Nor drop th' unmanly tear ;
 Thy pleasures vanish like a dream,
 Since Phœbe's insincere.

Disappointed Affection.

ELIZA, once in prospect fair,
 I deem'd thee mine alone :
 That prospect now more light than air,
 With ev'ry comforts gone !

Joys, that's flown on rapid wings,
 Have left sad care behind,
 Empoison fierce affliction's stings,
 And deeper wound the mind.

To me how dull the sky appears,
 Tho' Sol in triumph reigns ;
 Denied the sad resource of tears,
 How racking are my pains !

Our souls in one congenial mould,
 Receiv'd their early form ;
 With thee thro' life tho' thunders roll'd,
 Well pleas'd I'd brave the storm.

Our little bark, till danger o'er,
 Would shun the boisterous wave,
 And keep along the peaceful shore,
 That gentle waters lave.

Alas ! how fair would fancy dress

The visionary lay :

But all in vain, for woes oppress,

And drive sweet hope away.

Those hearts that ne'er with pity melt,

(As dew impearls the thorn,)

Will smile at pangs they have not felt,

And treat my grief with scorn :

But sure the mind, where sense can gain

Her pleasing mild abode,

Will own we reach contentment's fane,

Thro' love's delightful road.

Kitty, the Toast.

YOUR ancient bards, like rustic swains,
Attun'd their harps to worthless strains,

Well suiting rural grots and plains

And artless lovers fires :

Of modest nymphs, disdaining art,

Whose simple sweetness charms the heart,

The blush that edges Cupid's dart,

And faithful love inspires.

Of virgins like the Cyprian Queen,

With sweet proportion, air and mein,

Where simple dignity is seen,

In manners and in dress :

Of Queens and Nymphs divinely fair,

Who garbs of their own weaving wear,

Nor blush to tend their fleecy care,

Despising idleness.

To Dorcas, type of modern race,
 Ye ancient queens and nymphs give place;
 With her ye bards your lyrics grace,

Your melting strains give o'er!

In present times, refin'd in arts,
 My fair excels in winning hearts,
 No mortal wounds attend her darts,
 None languish as of yore!

She's boist'rous in her air and mien,
 On her no rising blush is seen,
 Her colour fixt like Gallia's queen,

With art before the glass*;

In martial confidence of face,
 Vivacity attends grimace;—
 There modest nature finds no place,
 And masculine her dress.

If dress more feminine she'd wear,
 Her artificial folds of hair,
 Majestic, huge beyond compare,

What fancy could detail!

My trembling muse then shuns the weight
 Her wond'rous head, to delineate—
 Her barbar better can relate
 The interesting tale.

Love's globes fictitious, neatly plac'd;
 With cork well form'd in newest taste,
 Her hips are formidably graced,

And of the amplest size:

Large hoops her petticoats adorn;
 Her dress from either India borne,
 Domestic fabrics are her scorn,

And plainness shocks her eyes!

S

* Alluding to the picture of the Queen of France presented to Congress by Louis XVI.

As moves the elephant to war,
 Thus widely spreads my Dorcas fair,
 All symmetry display'd with care,
 To charm the gazing swains !
 When stately thus she heaves in sight,
 Pale, daftard Cupid, in affright,
 With Cytherea, wing their flight
 To rural grots and plains.

Hopeless Love.

CEASE, tyrant of my flaming bosom, cease,
 Nor force the gentle slumbers from my eyes,
 Ah ! but again restore my youthful peace,
 And from my breast erase desponding sighs.

May fate relent, nor let me languish here,
 While by her eyes I'm chain'd to gloomy care ; /
 Still for the transient rose I shed a tear,
 And o'er her blushes weep with wild despair.

Impetuous transport pierces while I gaze,
 Corrosive anguish preys upon my mind ;
 I stand condemn'd to pass unhappy days
 And leave content and flatt'ring hope behind.

I grieve in silence, and I grieve in vain,
 Her eyes resistless snatch me to my doom ;
 Fain would I rove, to ease this ling'ring pain,
 But that will follow to the dusky tomb.

Fly hope, thou soother, from my wretched breast
 Revive no more, nor bring thy gentle aid ;
 I mourn. I wander, and I weep unblest,
 Enslav'd, rejected by a beautiful maid.

S O N G.

WHEN hope endears a lover's pain,
 And sooths his tortur'd heart,
 When beauty smiles to hear the strain,
 How pleasing is the smart!
 But if despair the sting encrease,
 And every hope remove;
 If beauty beam no ray of peace,
 How dreadful 'tis to love.

S O N G.

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,
 And geese in wheat-ears build their nests;
 When roasted crabs a hunting go,
 And cats can laugh at gossip's jests;
 When law and conscience are akin,
 And pigs are learnt by note to squeak;
 Your worship then shall stroke your chin,
 And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

Till when let your wisdom be dumb;
 For say man of Gotham,
 What is this world?
 A tetotum,
 By the finger of folly twirl'd;
 With a hey go up, and about we come;
 While the fun a good post-horse is found,
 So merrily we'll run round.

The Nest.

AS in the glowing noon of day,
 Stretch'd careless on the ground,
 Beneath the breezy pines I lay,
 Lull'd by their murm'ring sound.

A little nest aloft I spied,
Of feathers white as snow,
With strong, tho' slender, cordage tied
Fast to the topmost bough.

With eager joy, I seiz'd the prize,
And found a beauteous pair—
Love, yet unfledg'd, with friendship lies,
Together nestling there.

Delia, my captive love detains
In Hymen's silken clue ;
Friendship, Myrtilla, yet remains
An off'ring fit for you.

S O N G.

WHAT is a poet, Sir ? you, Sir ? no Sir !—
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—
Constantly writing, Sir,
And his nails biting, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow !

Now in the garret, Sir—high, Sir—high, Sir !
Now in the cellar below ;
Sunshine and vapour, Sir—
Pen, ink, and paper, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow !

His pockets to fill, Sir—fill, Sir—fill, Sir—
His noddle he empties— O ho !
Scribbling and scrawling, Sir,
Starting and bawling,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow !

S O N G.

C O L I N.

HARK ! hark ! o'er the plains what glad tumults we hear !

How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear !
 With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
 And every bush bears a garland of flowers,
 I can't for my life, what it means understand :
 There's some rural festival surely at hand :
 Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
 place ;

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

P H I L L I S.

The truth honest lad !—why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
 Wed Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord ;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and
 ease,

All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please ;
 That Corin—but praise must be the matter give o'er ;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

C O L I N.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts,

And trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

P H I L L I S.

But hence to the bridal, behold how they throng,
 Each shepherd conducting his sweet-heart along ;
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affection and chearful desires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride,
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line :
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days ;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 O ! may they live easy as those in a cot !

S O N G.

WELL met, jolly fellows, well met ;
 By this bowl you're all welcome, I swear ;
 See where on the table 'tis set,
 And design'd for the grave of our care.
 From this social convention,
 'Twill drive all contention,
 Save only who longest can drink ;
 Then fill up your glasses
 And drink to your lasses.
 The head-ach take him that shall shrink.

Do but look at this glass ! here boys, hand it
 around :
 Why it sparkles like Phillis's eyes ;
 But 'tis better by far, boys ; for when her eyes
 wound,
 This balm to the wound will supply ;
 Then a fig for this thinking :
 Fill, fill, and be drinking :
 Let us drown all our cares and our sorrows :
 Come, the toast, boys, the toast !
 There's no time to be lost,
 For our cares will return with to-morrow.

S O N G.

OH! what pleasures will abound,
 When my wife is laid in ground,
 Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her,
 When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh! how happy should I be,
 Would little Nyfa pig with me,
 How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.

S O N G.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me you jolly dog;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep and feed the hogs.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home,
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll dance to your hum strum

S O N G.

THE man who in his breast contains,
 A heart which no base art arraigns,
 Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
 Where love and youthful fancy lead;

May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

When cynics rail, and pedants frown,
Their rigid maxims I disown :
I smile to see their angry brow,
And hate the gloomy selfish crew :
In their despite I'll laugh and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring,

Be mine the social joys of life,
And let good nature vanquish strife,
So innocence with me reside,
And honour reigns each action's guide :
I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

Then Phillis come, and share those joys
Which no intemp'rate use destroys ;
While you remain as kind as fair,
My heart defies each anxious care ;
With thee I'll toy and laugh and sing,
While jocund life is in her spring.

S O N G.

LITTLE muses come and cry,
Put your finger in your eye ;
Join the macaroni kind,
Denn the weather, denn the wind.

Winds that rumple powder'd hair,
Winds that fight the feather'd fair,
Winds that blow our hats away,
And rudely with our ruffles play,

Winds that crown the gentle note,
Fritter'd through a gentle throat ;

Winds that clouds around us throw,
And spoil the giltter of our show.

Damn the winds that us have firr'd,
On Friday June the twenty-third,
To plague the macaroni kind:
Damn the rain, and damn the wind.

S O N G.

BEHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the
breeze,

While cattle calm feed in the vale;
The church spires tapering, points thro' the trees,
As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skips after lambs to the brook,
The brook slow and silent glides:
The surface so smooth and so clear, if you look
It reflects the gay green on its side.

By his feather'd seraglio in farm-yard carefs'd,
The king of the walk dares to crow,
No nabob nor Nimrod enslaving the east,
Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, Nancy presses the teat,
Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn;
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshers repeat,
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious the wives, at the doors of their cots,
Sit spinning, dress'd neatly, tho' coarse,
To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,
They shew the fine man and the horse.

At the heels of the steed bark the base village
whelps,

Each puppy rude echo bestirs;

But the horse too high bred, bounds away from
their yelps

Disregarding the clamour of curs.

Illiberal railers thus envy betray,

When merit above them they view;

But genius disdains to turn out of his way,

Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such infanes we commit;

But to generous rivals, a toast—

May rich men reward honest fellows of wit—

Here's a health to those dunces hate most.

S O N G.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;

My grottoes are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep:

I seldom have met with a loss,

Such health do my fountains bestow;

My fountains all border'd with moss,

Where the hare bells and violets grow,

Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;

But let me that plunder forbear,

She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed:

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray ?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle, as ours ?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine ;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G.

THOU soft flowing Avon ! by thy silver stream,
 Of subjects immortal thy Shakspear wou'd
 dream : [bed
 The fairies by moonlight dance round his green
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Here swains shall be fam'd for their love and their
 truth,
 And cheerful old age feel the transports of youth :
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
 For hollow'd the turf is that pillows his head,

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
 Here rove without danger and toy without pain :
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
 For hollow'd the turf is that pillows his head,

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
 Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it spread.
 And the turf ever hallow'd that pillows his head.

S O N G.

TEACH me, ye nine, to sing of tea,
 Of grateful green, of black bohea;
 Hark! the kettle softly singing;
 How again it bubbles o'er:
 Quick John, Black Susan, bring in,
 Water in the tea pot pour.

The bread and butter thinly slice,
 Oh! spread it delicately nice:
 Let the toast be crisp and crumpling,
 The rolls as doughty as a dumpling:
 Then eating, sipping, snuffing up the steam,
 We chat, and 'midst a motley chaos seem
 Of cups and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

S O N G.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu,
 Each rude and sensual joy:
 Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
 That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
 Where folly keeps her court,
 To wholesome sound philosophy,
 And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat,

Where sorrows billows never swell,
Nor passion's tempests beat!

But safely thro' the sea of life,
Calm reason wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition, noise, and strife,
To death's eternal shore.

S O N G.

A Few years ago, in the days of my Grannum,
(A worthy good woman as ever broke bread)
What lectures she gave! in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down on her bed;
She never declin'd what she once undertook;

But twist'd,
Persisted,
Now flatter'd,
Now spatter'd

And always succeeded, by hook or by crook.

Said she, Child, whatever your fate is hereafter,
If married, if single, if old, or if young,
In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in laughter,
But follow my maxims, you cannot do wrong:
Each passion, each temper, I always could brook;

When scolded,
I moulded,
When heated,
Retreated,

And manag'd my matters, by hook or by crook.

Ensnar'd by her counsels, I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules,
Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch and to carry,
But soon I found out that we both had been
fools:

In vain, I shew'd madam the wonderful book ;
 I coax'd her,
 I box'd her ;
 But truly,
 Unruly
 Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook.

S O N G.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air,
 He met a young lass who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care :
 He ask'd her what made her so moping and sad ?
 'Twas pity if she were in pain :
 She sigh'd. " I have lost the very best lad,
 " And I never shall see him again !"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
 Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so ?
 Or else where on earth he can never appear,
 Where you and I surely must go ? [she,
 " No, he's fled (she reply'd with another fond
 " Tho' to me he was plighted for aye, [me,
 " O'er the mountains he's gone with another from
 " And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
 He's a loon, who is not worth your pain ;
 Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched
 no more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain :
 But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
 Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
 I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,
 Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her a
song,

Her face look'd no longer despair ;

He whisper'd of love as they saunter'd along,

And she thought him a lad worth her care :

She smil'd and look'd pleas'd late a stranger to joy,

And Jockey, perceiving her kind,

More pressing was grown, and the lass was less coy,

So he drove the false loon from her mind.

S O N G.

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
Young Damon came up to address his soft
tale,

So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown,

For he frightened my cow, and my milk was kick'd
down.

Lord blefs me ! says I, what a-deuce can you mean,
To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen !

I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend,

For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now he'd his passion advance,

But pretty excuses made up the mischance :

He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow,

And I laid my own self all the fault on the cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade !

His bait prov'd too strong, alas ! for a maid :

He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,

But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh,

For if he should press, I should surely comply ;

And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,

Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

S O N G.

BY the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow casks are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do.
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you,
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G.

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
 And a sailing we will go.

Fine miss at dancing-school is taught
 The minnet to tread;
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat head.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race;
 But swifter far we shape our course,
 When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers;
 As loud we hollow when we send,
 A broadside to Monsieurs.

The what's-their names, at uproar squall,
 With music fine and soft :
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine
 The ladies rigging shew !
 But English ships more grander shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts, or our wives ;
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more !
 Thus pass the sailor's lives.
 And a sailing we will go.

S O N G.

*To the Memory of Mr. JAMES BREMNER, late
 Musician and Companion to Governor PENN.*

Tune—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

FROM Scotia's land he came,
 And brought the pleasing art,
 To raise the sacred flame
 That warms a feeling heart :
 The magic power of sounds,
 Obey'd at his command,
 And spread sweet influence round,
 Wrought by his skilful hand.

Oh sanctify the ground,
 The ground where he is laid !
 Plant roses all around,
 Nor let those roses fade,

U

Let none his tomb pass by
 Without a gen'rous tear,
 Oh sigh ! and let that sigh
 Be like himself sincere.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sing to his shade a solemn strain,
 Let music's sweetest notes complain !
 Let echo tell from shore to shore,
 The swan of Schuylkill is no more.

S O N G.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
 And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd ?
 My brave boys, &c.

My vault-door is open'd, descend ev'ry guest,
 Tap that cask, ay, that wine we will try,
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste;
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strode,
 I sit my companions among,
 Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
 And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the ooziings drops
seem

The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
stream,

Like stucco work cut out of moss.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

I charge glass in hand, and my empire maintain,
No ancient more patriot like bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,

View the heap of Champagne in your rear ;
Yon bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier !

'Tis my will, when I die not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone ;
But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,
And write, that *His drinking is done*.

S O N G.

Sung by Mungo, in the Padlock.

DEAR heart ! what a terrible life am I led !
A dog has better, that's shelter'd and fed ;
Night and day 'tis the same,
My pain is dere game ;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor Blacky must run ;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where.
 Above or below,
 Sirrah, come, sirrah, go ;
 Do so, and do so,
 Oh ! Oh !

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flattering tongue.

O the fool, the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be !
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air,
 His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and
 fair ;
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
 He's manly, yet tender, he's fond and yet wise.

He's ever good-humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
His presence can always drive sorrow away :
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
But open his temper, and noble his mein.

By virtue illumin'd his actions appear,
His passions are calm, and his reason is clear :
An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
For his heart is too honest to let him deceive ;
Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can,
Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the man.

S O N G.

IN my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew ;
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew ;
Jocund morn and evening gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart ;
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart !
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
Walk'd the warblers of the grove :
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
Wou'd not join the song of love ?
Your sweet notes and chaunting gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

The Young Lover.

WHEN a youth commences love,
 And his passions first discover
 Charms that fire his soul all over,
 In some blooming virtuous fair ;
 How his eyes betray his passion !
 How his tongue but mocks expression,
 When he makes the declaration,
 And prefers his humble prayer !
 And prefers, &c.

While his fate is here depending,
 What suspense his heart is rending,
 What keen misery impending,
 Lest his charmer cruel prove ?
 How he counts the moments flying,
 Wishing, hoping, fearing, sighing,
 Till the lovely lass complying
 Blushes, and reveals her love !
 Blushes, &c.

When the dubious scene is over,
 Joys immense inspire the lover,
 Till his glowing cheeks discover
 What sensation fill his breast :
 Raptures now his bosom firing,
 Every thought to bliss aspiring,
 Virtue, love, and fate conspiring ;
 All their cares are lull'd to rest.
 All their, &c.

Time their mutual love improving,
 All their cares in concert moving,
 To compleat their heaven in loving,
 Hymen makes and binds them one.
 Now in solid bliss abounding,
 Tears and cares in Lethe drowning ;

Love proclaims to all surrounding,
 They are blest, and they alone,
 They are blest, and they alone.

Ye Fair Possessed.

YE fair possess'd of ev'ry charm,
 To captivate the will,
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill :
 Say will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ;
 And honest verse, that flows sincere,
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r ; but greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage :
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage.
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a prisoner make,
 Unless you've strength to bind ?

Attend the council often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

The Happy Warning.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the
 prude,
 If he sigh'd or look'd tender she cried he was rude :

Tho' he begs with devotion, some ease for his pain,
 The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain;
 Fatigu'd with his folly, his suit he gave o'er,
 And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to escape from the
 net ;

But Chloe soon caught him, a finish'd coquette,
 She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
 And flatter'd his hopes in the language of eyes,
 Alas ! for poor Colin, when put to the test,
 Himself and his passion prov'd all but a jest.

By the critical third he was caught in the snare,
 By Fanny, gay, young, unaffected, and fair ;
 When she found he had merit, and love took his
 part,

She dally'd no longer, but yielded her heart,
 With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
 And now are as happy as happy can be.

As the rose bud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
 The prude and coquette are two slighted old maids,
 Now their sweets are all wasted, too late they
 repent,

For transport untasted, for moments mispent ;
 Ye virgins, take warning, improve by my plan,
 And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the lee ;
 I winna ha the Dominee, for geud he canna be;
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 lee.

For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily
crooks :

I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the
miller ;

But I will have Sandy lad, without one penny filler.
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the
war ;

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells of
tar :

I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their
mickle gear :

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
meir.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

S O N G,

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights ;
Which with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content ?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

S O N G.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing, and love, and laugh with me;
 Cupid is my theme of story:
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory,
 How all yield unto his law!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play:
 He makes heroes quit their glory:
 He's the god most fam'd in story;
 Bending them unto his law!
 Ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity—piercing hearts:
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions.
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!
 Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
 But they're facts—'twixt me and you:
 Then, ye maids and men, be wary,
 How you meet before you marry:
 Cupid's will is solely law.
 Ha! ha! &c.

Flora and the Rose.—A Cantata.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden stray'd,
 And every blooming sweet survey'd,
 As o'er the dew dipt flow'rs she hung,
 Thus wrapt in joy she fondly sung;

The early snow-drop, primrose pale,
 The tulip gay, the lilly fair,
 Each flow'r that loads the scented gale
 Deserves their Flora's tender care,
 Deserves their Flora's tender care.
 But none of Summer's gaudy pride,
 Such sweetness breath, or charms disclose,
 As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,
 None pleases like the blushing rose,
 As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy zephyrs round thee play,
 And golden suns exert their pow'r
 To bring thy beauty's to the day,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
 A garland gay the nymphs and swains
 May make from ev'ry sweet that grows,
 And meaner things may please the plains,
 But thou art mine, thou lovely Rose,
 And meaner things, &c.

S O N G.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
 To sensual pleasures, range:
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire:
 With pride my passion I reveal;
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave,
 And fair creation sink in night
 When I my dear deceive,

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus—
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a
huff,

Lord ! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your
cart ;

Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for no-
thing, thank you for nothing, with all my
heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff :
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art,
To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, if so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord ! I was never so dash'd in my life ;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went ;
But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love and obey ;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
throw,—

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know ;
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my
heart.

S O N G.

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
While lav'rocks are singing, [clear,
And primroses springing
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
I am fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away;
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

S O N G.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear;
When forc'd from her to go,
Down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe:
Our anchor weigh'd for sea we flood,
The land we left behind:
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride ;
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart wou'd break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 And have they torn my love away !
 And is he gone ! she cried,
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May !
 She languish'd droop'd, and died.

S O N G.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly
 To join the jovial rout full cry ;
 What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
 To hie to the midnight hark-away !

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
 Nor dronish husbands enter there ;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the midnight hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock ;
 'Till day-light peeps we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly hark-away.

When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious day with sleep ;

To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to midnight hark-away.

S O N G.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond eyes
Reveal with what ardour I glow?
Reveal with what ardour I glow?
Well, what if they do? there's no harm, sure, she
cries;

I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
Say would you the favour bestow?
Say would you the favour bestow?
Lord bless me! said she, what a question is this?
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more?
For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
Suppose what you will, she replied as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know,
I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go,
Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
I could not deny you, you know, you know,
I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreat for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chasteely sporting :
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me :
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me :
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me :
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter :
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense
 of men,

I promis'd my mother, again and again,
 To say as she bids me wherever I go, [No.
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em

I really believe I have frighten'd a score ;
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more ;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
 Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like with more courage and art,
 Who won't let me alone, though I bid him depart,
 Such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are
 still No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain.)
 If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go,
 Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd,
 and said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ?
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?

If I meant my life long to answer him so ?
I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said ;
If I press you to church. will you scruple to go ?
In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, no.

S O N G.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend her flocks in fertile mead,
And on her verdant plain ;
Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To please my lovely maid ;
While of all sense of care we're freed,
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain seems in the sky,
Then to our oaken, safe retreat,
We'd both together hie !
There I'd repeat my vows of love
Unto my charming fair,
Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove,
A mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
I'd live in rural ease ;
Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise
Could ne'er my fancy please !
In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
With grace, and blooming youth ;
Sincerity and virtue shines,
With modesty and truth.

S O N G.

WATER parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or thro' fertile vallies glide.

Though, in search of lost repose,
 Through the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

S O N G.

WELL, well, say no more ;
 Sure you told me before ;
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wife
 Will always suffice :
 Addsniggers to talk to your parrot.
 I'm not such an elf,
 Tho'f I say it myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
 me ?
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
 A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
 'Twas This, Sir, and That, Sir,—but scarce ever
 Nay :

And, Sundays, drefs'd out in my silks and my lace
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man !
 Well, rest him—we are all as good as we can ;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone,
 Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
 tow'r'd,
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
 This time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart. [dart,

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum chance ;
 I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Jockey won my heart ;
 A bonnier lad you ne'er could see
 All beauty without art.
 In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
 A lad so blithe and gay ;
 His glancing een and comely mein,
 Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
 But vain is a' his love ;
 My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,
 To him I'll constant prove.
 In Aberdeen, &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
 Nor ever more complain,
 Nor fear my mammy's threats, I trow,
 Now Jockey is mine ain.
 In Aberdeen, &c.

S O N G.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how
 true)

And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
 tune :

All this had been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more,
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a
 spring : [o'er,

For charms such as these, then your praises give
 To love me for life, you must love me still more,
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air,
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there ;
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day.

For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me ;
When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee :
When you could sing, and dance, and play ;
Alas ! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
'The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thousand foes !
Till time decrees their full decay,
And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation own this truth,
Then why should wrinkled brows exact
The mode severe on blooming youth,
By which themselves could ever act ?
The blood that's warm will have its way,
Too soon December treads on May.

Then swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim care deride ;
Come, sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride ;
The laws of love all should obey,
Before December treads on May.

Molly of the Mill.

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead,
 The moss-clad hill, the dale;
 The shepherd piping on his reed,
 The maid with milking pail:
 The lark that soars on pinions high:
 Or sweetly purling rill,
 While I breathe forth a tender sigh
 For Molly of the Mill.

In vain to sing her charms I try,
 And all her beauties trace;
 Such brilliancy informs her eye,
 Such excellence her face;
 Her easy shape, engaging air,
 My breast with transports fill,
 No nymph so pleasing, or so fair
 As Molly of the Mill.

'Tis not her person charms alone,
 The beauties of her mind;
 Wit, sense, and sentiment, we own,
 In her are all combin'd;
 Such is the nymph who sways my heart,
 And makes my bosom thrill,
 Adorn'd by nature more than art,
 Sweet Molly of the Mill.

S O N G.

YE Sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding Forth do glide,
 Conduct me to those banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets:

Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidst the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my song.
While she was present all were gay,
No sorrow did our mirth allay ;
We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
And music breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then I was the happiest swain !
No adverse fortune marr'd my joy ;
The shepherds sigh'd for me in vain,
On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd :
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the mossy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Molly lull'd asleep :
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd and stole a kiss ;
She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, Damon are you not asham'd ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd,
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while :
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs and rural gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest abodes,
 And ease, oh ease ! my love-sick heart :
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more :
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

S O N G.

Tune—*Top-sails shivers in the wind.*

'TWAS at the break of day we spy'd
 The signal to unmoor,
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
 Sweet maid ! from New-York's shore ;
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell.
 Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell !

In open boat the maid of worth,
 Soon reach'd our vessel's side,
 Soon too she found her William's birth,
 But sought me not to chide :
 ' Go,' she exclaim'd, ' For Fame's a cause
 ' A female should approve,
 ' For who that's true to Honour's laws
 ' Is ever false to Love !

' My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
 ' Nor will it even fail,
 ' Tho' war's unequal wild career,
 ' Should William's life assail ;
 ' Tho' Death 'gainst thee exert his sway,

- Oh, trust me, but the dart
 - That woundeth thee, will find its way
 - To Caroline's true heart.
 - Should Conquest in fair form array'd,
 - Thy loyal efforts crown,
 - In New York will be found a maid,
 - That lives for thee alone.'
- May girls with hearts so firm and true,
 To love and glory's cause,
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.
-

S O N G.

PATIE is a lover gay,
 His brow is never cloudy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 Shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking,
 The shining of his een surprize,
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Left night I met him on the baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There many a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing:
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,
 And lov'd me best of any,
 That gars me like to sing finfine,
 O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And from my cockernony,
 He's free to towzle air or late,
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

S O N G.

A Sweet scented beau and a simp'ring young cit,
 An artful attorney, a rake and a wit,
 Set out on the chace in pursuit of her heart,
 Whilst Chloe disdainfully laugh'd at their art,
 And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy. the beau by his face,
 The lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,
 The cit, with exactness made up his account,
 The rake told his conquests, how vast the amount;
 She laugh'd at the follies, and blith as the morn,
 Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Their clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young swain,
 Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the
 plain,

He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble and beau,
 And won the fair nymph with hollo hillio;
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
 Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

S O N G.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
 Noble deeds are done by wine;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
 Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than Phillis has, tho' going
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
 Drank about at council board :
 He subdu'd the world by drinking
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.

S O N G.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 And heard the soft vows that she made,
 What swain was so happy as I ?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
 Her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're false as a midsummer dream,
 As fickle as midsummer dew.

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve ?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair,
 I soon had forgotten to love :
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore,
 A soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His art he, too credulous, tries;
 And, sailing, is shipwreck'd, like me.

S O N G.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew drops glisten'd on the thorn ;
 When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the god of light and heat ;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes.
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
 Like Phæbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone ;
 Philander, charming youth, begone !
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love, appear :
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise)
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one :
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wond'rous to pursue :
 And, both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
 Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready made they make ;
 Historians must be true ;
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
 To give you something new ?

They say virginity is scarce
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too :
 The papers of the day imply,
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike, the woeful dearth,
 In melancholy, or in mirth ;
 What then shall ladies do ?
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize :
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is something new.

The Hermit.

AT the close of the day, when the Hamlet is still,

And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began :

No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall?

For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.

But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;

O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays,

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again,
But man's faded glory what change shall renew !
Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for
 you :

For morn is approaching your charms to restore :
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring
 with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save :
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the
 grave !

A Continuation of the Hermit.

'T WAS thus, by the glare of false science
 betray'd,

That leads, to bewilder, and dazzle to blind :
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
 to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

O pity great Father of light, then I cry'd,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only
 can'st free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,

So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 budding,

And beauty immortal awake from the tomb.

And beauty, &c.

The Crying and Laughing Song.

WHEN I wake with painful brow,
 Ere the oock begins to crow,
 Tossing, tumbling in my bed,
 Aching heart, and aching head,
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills,
 Flush and pam thrown up at loo,
 When those sorrows strike my view,

I cry - - - -

And to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillow bear.

But when sportive evening comes,
 Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums,
 Casinos here, festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where.

Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with the smiling glass;
 When these pleasures are my lot,
 Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh, - - - -

Careless what may then befall,
 Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then again when I peruse,
 O'er my tea the morning news,
 Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
 Wanton wives and cuckold spouses;
 When I read of money lent,
 At sixteen and half per cent.

I cry, - - - -

But if e'er the muffin's gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John,

A a

' Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
 ' Waiting in a chaise and four,"
 Instant vanish all my cares,
 Swift I scamper down the stairs,
 And laugh, - - -
 So may this indulgent throng,
 Who now smiling grace my song,
 Never more cry oh ! oh ! la !
 But join with me in ha ! ha ! ha !

The Crying and Laughing Song.

WHEN the hated morning's light,
 Peeping in, offends my sight,
 Tossing to and fro in bed.
 Aching heart, and aching head ;
 Counting o'er my various ills,
 Fickle lovers, mercers bills ;
 All the sums I've lost at dice,
 When these in my mind arise,
 I cry, - - -

But if 'tis Pantheon night,
 Or that Ranelagh invite,
 Chicheratas here. Macheratas there,
 Or to Vauxhall I repair ;
 If I meet my Lord Perfume,
 Or dear Col'nel Thunder Bomb ;
 When such pleasures are my lot,
 Fickle lovers all forgot,
 Dice and mercers bills forgot——
 I laugh, - - -

Then, if in the Morning Post,
 I read reputations lost,
 Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
 Great debates in both the houses ;

When I'm told that dissipation,
 Folly, lux'ry, rule the nation ;
 That the rich, the young and wise,
 To true pleasure shut their eyes ;
 I cry, - - -

But, if e'er my tears are gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John,
 ' Ma'am, Sir Jehu's at the door,
 ' In his phaeton and four :'
 Instant all my sorrows cease,
 Out I run, and take my place ;
 With such joys the moments glide
 By my dear Sir Jehu's side ;
 I laugh, - - -

Fair Hebe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
 To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em
 in wine :

I try'd, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.
 I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.
 That's a truth, reply'd I, I have no need to be
 taught,

I came for your council to find out a fault ;
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.
 What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
 While like lightning she darts thro' each throbbing
 vein,

My senses confirms me a slave to her charms.

S O N G.

A DIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs,
 Adieu, my peace is o'er ;
 Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs,
 Since Delia breathes no more.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
 Adieu ye streams and floods,
 Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales,
 Adieu ye meads and woods.

Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
 Adieu yon pleasing plain :
 Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair,
 We ne'er shall meet again.

S O N G.

MY sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten,
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath
 smitten.

For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your
 tail,

You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil :
 Your breath is as sweet too as any patotoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a
 goddess.

So nimbly, so frisky ; so nimbly, so frisky :

A kiss on your cheek, 'tis so soft and so sleek,
Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
whisky ;

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,
Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel :
No rest can I take, and asleep or awake
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
Your hate then give over, nor Dermot your lover,
So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle !
Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle,

The Chaise Marine:

MY dearest life, were thou my wife,
How happy should I be !
And all my care in peace and war,
Should be to pleasure thee.
When up and down from town to town,
We jolly soldiers rove ;
Then you, my queen, in chaise-marine,
Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,
Beyond the spoils of war ;
Would'st thou agree to follow me,
In humble baggage car.
For happiness, tho' in distress,
In soldiers wives is seen :
And pride in coach has more reproach
Than love in chaise-marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,
Nor set your heart on gain ;
Behold the great, with all their state,
Their lives are care and pain.

In house of tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see:
 But ev'ry day I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not the knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives:
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives.
 For Britain's right and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy:
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy.

If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Can win your harden'd heart;
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part.
 With fife and drum the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war;
 Then don't think mean of Chaise-marine,
 'Tis Love's triumphant car.

S O N G.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall cheer his mind,
 No wanting sports can soothe his care,
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of black despair.

His looks they were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart;

His pensive soul on sadness born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from his veil of woe;
Range every charm to ease his pain,
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

The joys of Harvest.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
plains,
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains
As they follow the last team of harvest along:
And end all their toils with a dance and a song,
Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe from them let us learn to be wise,
And use every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the Spring-time which all must im-
prove
For Summer to ripen and Harvest to love:
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the Winter of rage;
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pale ev'ry joy.

A Lapland Love-Song.

THOU rising sun whose gladsome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What woods conceal my sleeping maid?
Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My blifs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wafting summer flies;
Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has stronger fetters far?
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex the breast:
When thoughts perplex, the first are best:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
Away to Orra, haste away,

S O N G.

HE that will not merry merry be
With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridwell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post.

Let him be merry, merry there,
 And we'll be merry, here :
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year ?
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse,
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.
 Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of
 the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline ?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Through the wood and the valley the traitor we'll
 rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies ;
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till he dies,

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields
 Then chasing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
 attend,

No pleasure like hunting is found,
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

Kiss my bonny Mou'.

AS I was ganging o'er the lee,
 I chanc'd to look behind,
 And wha right glancing shu'd I see
 But woodland Joe the hind.
 When he had gang'd the braes a while,
 He said to me my dow,
 May I not sit upon this stile
 And kiss your bonny mou'.

Kind sir, ye are a wee mista'en,
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some more breeding ken,
 Than ruffle lasses claiths.
 The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
 Young Jane wi' blithsome brow,
 She'd let him clasp her round the neck,
 And kiss her bonny mou'.

I ca'd him then proud hearted swain,
 And laith to be said nay;
 A sonsey thought he started then,
 And nam'd the wedding-day.
 He's braw and blith, I lik'd him weel,

Nor frown upon him now,
Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,
He kifs'd my bonny mou'.

The Bonny Sailor.

MY bonny sailer's won my mind,
My heart is now with him at sea ;
I hope the summer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me :
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone ;
What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils,
From France and Spain my sailer's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe in view,
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew ;
Bring, gentle gales, my sailer home ;
His ship at anchor may I see ;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
His eyes by watching shines less bright ;
But still I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in fight :
His honest heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old ;
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly sailer bold.

S O N G.

LEAVE kindred and friends sweet Betty,
 Leave kindred and friends for me,
 Assur'd thy servant is steady,
 To love, to honour, and thee;
 The gifts of nature and fortune,
 May fly by chance as they came,
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thee only, my dear:
 And should life's sorrows embitter,
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan asunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms,
 By thee to be grasp'd, and kiss'd,
 And live on thy heaven of charms;
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Should fortune capricious prove,
 Tho' death should tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

The Days of love.

SOLICITATION.

YOUNG Thyrsis, the pride of the plain,
 Cleora had often address'd,
 Truth and honour were found in the swain
 And the nymph was the brightest confest,
 Yet still to his passion unkind,

Unheeded she heard his fond tale,
 With the pangs of despair in his mind,
 He sorrowful sigh'd thro' the vale,
 He sorrowful sigh'd thro' the vale.

Impell'd by the fondest regard,
 He sought the dear maid once again,
 From his constancy hop'd a reward
 For there ne'er was a more faithful swain;
 With her flocks as she stray'd in the grove,
 The language of love he essay'd;
 He begg'd she'd his passion approve,
 And a smile beam'd at last from the maid:
 And a smile, &c.

O smile my Cleora again,
 The cares of my bosom relieve,
 Nor treat me with frowns or disdain,
 For your Thyrsis will never deceive;
 More soften'd Cleora replied,
 I pity the pangs in your breast,
 Complain then no more of my pride,
 And Thyrsis may hope for the best.
 And Thyrsis, &c.

HOPE.

VAIN sorrows and cares shall no longer molest,
 While hope, pleasing hope, reigns in Thyrsis' fond
 breast.

While hope, pleasing hope, &c.

Cleora, dear charmer at length has prov'd kind,
 And banish'd suspicions and doubts from my
 mind:

And banish'd suspicions, &c.

Her smiles gave a rapture I cannot declare.
 And prov'd that the nymph is as kind as she's fair:
 Her smiles, &c.

Ye moments, ye hours, and ye days swiftly fly,
 Till the maid with my utmost request shall comply;
 Still shade her, ye trees, from the heat of the day,
 And near her ye lambkins still frolic and play,
 She taught me to hope, and dispell'd my despair,
 Which proves that the nymph is as kind as she's fair.

Sweet hope, thou attendant of fondest desire,
 From a lover like Thyrsis you ne'er shall retire,
 But sooth his fond passion from morning to night,
 And comfort his mind with the thought of delight,
 Cleora at last has dispell'd my despair,
 Which proves that the nymph is as kind as she's fair!

CONSENT.

IN the woodbines pleasing shade,
 There I press'd the lovely maid,
 Fondly told again my love,
 Fondly told, &c.
 While the linnets sung above.
 While the linnets, &c.
 Turtles round were heard to coo,
 Whilst in softest words I woo;
 Fair Cleora now incline,
 Fair Cleora, &c.
 Let me take this hand of thine:
 Let me take, &c.

Does she then consent at last!
 Every anxious doubt is past;
 Blushing does she yield her hand,
 Owing nature's fond command,
 Catch ye winds the pleasing sound,
 And convey the news around,
 Fair Cleora does incline,
 Now with me her hand to join:
 Now with me, &c.

CELEBRATION.

How sweetly the merry bells ring,
How sweetly the merry bells ring,
How gay is each nymph and each swain,
As blith as the lark in the spring,
The tabor sounds over the plain :

The tabor, &c.

From the church comes the bridegroom and bride,
Young Thyrsis Cleora has wed ;
The virgins all drest by her side,
With blushes their cheeks overspread :
With blushes, &c.

So rises the morn from the east,
All nature to cherish below,
With charms which cannot be express'd,
And blessings on all to bestow ;
How happy is Thyrsis to prove,
The sweets which on Hymen attend,
The raptures of virtue and love,
The mistress, the wife, and the friend.

Ye swains like young Thyrsis be true,
Ye nymphs like Cleora be kind,
Keep virtue and prudence in view,
And sweets you will certainly find.
Then the village for you shall be gay,
The bells and the tabor resound,
And pleasure prolong the glad day,
When Hymen your wishes has crown'd.

O'ER moorlands and mountains rude, barren,
and bare,

As wearied and wilder'd I roam,

A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,

And leads me o'er lawns to her home :

And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had
crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,

Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly
round,

And deck'd the sod seat at her door.

And deck'd, &c.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,

Fresh fruit, and she cull'd me the best,

Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she
cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins her voice was divine)

I have rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,

Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,

So simple tho' sweet were her charms,

I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,

And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if on the banks by the stream,

Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,

Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,

Delighted with pastoral views,

Or rest on rocks where streamlet distills,
 And marks out new themes for my muse :
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er cou'd aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 The shepherd's have nam'd her Content.

The Sailor's Adieu.

DISTRESS me with those tears no more,
 One kiss my love and then adieu ;
 The last boat destin'd for the shore,
 Waits dearest girl alone for you :
 Soon, soon before the light wind borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight ;
 You left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep thro' many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array the ship shall steer,
 Your form, remembrance still shall keep,
 Your worth, affection still revere :
 And with the distance from your eyes,
 My love for you shall be increas'd,
 As to the pole the needle lies,
 And farthest off, still varies least.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew,
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
 Of you alone shall be my strain :
 And when we've bow'd the leagu'ing foe,
 Revengeful for our country's wrong,
 Returning home my heart shall shew
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

The Choice of Three Lovers.

THE choice of three lovers I have to be sure,
 One is rich, one is handsome, and one very
 poor ;
 This is old—this is young—the other half way ;
 One is wise, one is witty, and one is yea nay.

Love lives not with poverty, oft I've been told,
 Nor can it with age, tho' surrounded with gold ;
 The handsome and witty are each fond of self,
 So I'll neither chuse poverty, beauty, nor pelf.

But give me the man who is blest with good sense,
 The raptures of life are still flowing from thence,
 Tho' plain in his person, not rich, nor yet poor,
 I'll give him my hand, still to love and adore.

I'll dress me in smiles, and good humour each day,
 Or grieve, when he grieves, and be gay, when he's
 gay ;
 With the fondest affection attend him thro' life,
 And prove by example what is a good wife.

The Jolly Miller.

THERE was a jolly miller once liv'd on the
 river Dee ;
 He danc'd and he sung from morn till night, no
 lark so blithe as he.
 And this the burthen of his song for ever us'd to be,
 I care for no-body, no, not I, if no body cares for
 me.

I live by my mill, God bless her ! she's kindred,
 child, and wife ;
 I would not change my station for any other in life.

SONGSTER.

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No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat
from me. [me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if no-body cares for

When spring begins its merry career, oh ! how his
heart grows gay ! [sad decay,

No summer's drouth alarms his fears, no winter's

No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to
sing and say, [to day.

Let others toil from year to year, I live from day

Thus, like the miller bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing ; [on the wing.

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this
jovial ring : [the king.

Let heart and voice and all agree to say long live

Blow high, blow low.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear

The mainmast by the board,

My heart with thoughts of thee my dear,

And love well stor'd,

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,

The roaring winds, the raging seas

In hopes on shore,

To be once more

Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,

The whistling winds that scud along,

And the surge roaring from below,

Shall my signal be to think on thee,

Shall my signal be

To think on thee.

And this shall be my song,

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh
 And think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be.
 Blow high, &c.

Good Night, and Joy be wi' you.

HOW happy's he, whoe'er he be
 That in his life meets one true friend,
 Who cordially does sympathise
 In words, in action, heart and mind.
 My kind respects do not neglect
 Altho' my wealth or state be small
 With a melting heart and a mournful eye
 I beg the Lord be with you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
 For time invites me for to move ;
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.
 He—whose pow'r and might, both day and night,
 Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
 To sun and moon gives course of light,
 Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
 Your memory I'll not neglect ;
 On that record I'll lay arrest,
 Hell's fury shall not alter it. 20 JY 63
 All I desire of earthly blifs,
 Is to be freed from guilt or thrall ;
 I hope my God will grant me this :
 Good night, and joy be with you all.

F I N I S.

